THE

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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SPRING.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY MARIE S. LADD.

The earth, brown and bare, is struggling to wear
Her dress of soft green,
And in sheen like a queen
To gladden all eyes and smile away care;
Promising pleasure, pure, without measure,
A hint of the summer, this is her trove-treasure.

The germ in the mold its growth will unfold,
And coming to light,
Bless the sight with its bright
Beauty before you to have and to hold;
Leaf and blossom will be on shrub and on tree,
And the birds will return and chant merrily.

In warm and still hours will fall gentle showers,
And sunshine will print
With clear tint its soft glint
Upon the green trees, on the buds, and the flowers;
And hopes not a few the soul will renew,
Making it glad 'mid the sunshine and dew.

Come out from your winter so crusty and cold,
Oh! tired heart, grown faint
With restraint, or the taint
That griefs have held for you, or that they still hold.
And much that you grieve, in the past you may leave,
And good you have lost you may slowly retrieve.

Despair not, for here we are but in the germ;
At morn we arise,
Ope our eyes in surprise,
And then we are gone, for we serve but a term.
If we sigh or we sing, we here fledge the wing—
Be merry and wise; this life is our spring.

PEMBERTON;

OR,

One Hundred Years Ago.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY HENRY PETERSON.

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PART SECOND.

ARNOLD'S RESIDENCE AT NEW HAVEN.

From Lossing's "Field-Book of the Revolution."

"The house is still standing." Lossing says, (in 1848) "a handsome frame building, embowered with shrubbery."

CHAPTER I.

Have I battled through
A host of dangers—perilled life and health,
Shattered my fortunes—now to be denied
A few base ducats? Out upon them all!

Nearly a year had elapsed since the evacuation of Philadelphia by the British forces—a year productive, as it seemed, of very little benefit to the American cause. The Alliance with France had not been attended as yet with those substantial advantages that generally had been anticipated. The failure of the combined attack upon Rhode Island, the result, as it was charged, of the needless and cowardly sailing of the French fleet to Boston, thus leaving the American portion of the expedition to the hazard of capture, had caused deep irritation, not only in the popular mind, but in the army. And the capture of Savannah by the British a few months later, had naturally increased both the irritation and the disappointment.

The continued depreciation of the Continental paper money, also had a very depressing effect. In spite of the most stringent laws to uphold it as a legal tender, it steadily and rapidly decreased in value. In the June of 1778, it took four dollars of paper to purchase one of specie—nine months afterwards, it took ten. And the depreciation still went on—almost from day to day.

General Benedict Arnold had been appointed to the command of Philadelphia, immediately upon the British evacuation. But the extent of his powers was undefined, and he had soon come into conflict, not only with many of the citizens, but with the authorities of Pennsylvania.

Captain André still was in New York, now acting as Aidecamp to the British Commander, Sir Henry Clinton. Colonel Musgrave also was in New York. Both had held correspondence with the Misses Graham as often as opportunities were afforded them by the passage of flags of truce between the two armies. If such opportunities did not come very frequently, both Helen and André belonged to that class of lovers who can live a long time on a few words of love, a few cherished tokens. Neither thought for a moment of any failure of affection on either side. They were both excessively admired in their respective circles; and we cannot help thinking that this is a great element of confidence in love. "He loves me, and I am worthy of his love"—she who can say that, is not apt to be jealous. Jealousy is often the result of a conviction that you are overvalued—a fear that the lover will awake from his or her delusion, and see the beloved object as he or she really is. And yet André had once failed in love, when he was younger and less admired; but the nobility of his nature was not easily prone to jealousy, and when he heard occasionally of Helen Graham as a star of the first magnitude in the new circles of Philadelphia, as she had been in the old, and the toast of the French and American officers, as she had been before of the British, he felt proud of his beautiful betrothed.

On a fine spring morning in 1779—such days as often come, bringing a taste with them of the balmy sweetness of June—Arthur Pemberton stood in the porch of his mother's mansion, enjoying the brightness and the genial warmth. As he stood there, speaking occasionally to a passing acquaintance, a gentleman in military attire came along. He was a man apparently of about forty years of age, and wore the uniform of a General in the Continental service. He walked with somewhat of a limp, and carried a gold-headed cane to steady his footsteps. Rather above the medium size, and of a muscular and vigorous frame, his face bore the marks of a bold, determined and energetic spirit. But one could see at a glance that he was more than this—that he was also both passionate and overbearing. A man not patient of contradiction or opposition—fiery, impetuous and arrogant—and, therefore, not easily controlled himself, nor able to harmonize with other men of equal rank. Stopping as he arrived opposite Mrs. Pemberton's, he spoke:

"Good morning, Mr. Pemberton. A fine day this."

"A very fine day, General; will you not walk in and see the ladies."

"No, I thank you—it is scarcely late enough for that. I am bound up to the Congress. But, as it is rather early, I will sit down on your porch, if you have no objection, and rest for a minute or two."

"Of course. Does your leg pain you much, now?"

"Only at times—in damp and rheumatic weather. But it is stiff, and lags behind the other."

"That is the second time you have been wounded in that leg, I have heard?" said Pemberton, kindly.

"Yes, once at Quebec, and then again at Saratoga. The red-coats seem to have a special spite at that leg. But I cannot complain. I only wondered afterwards, at Saratoga, that I got through with my life. It was like going through the big drops of a thunder-storm."

"Well, I hear that you need not have gone into the fight," replied Pemberton, smiling; "that Gates did not urge you to go."

Arnold laughed bitterly. "No, that is true. He sent Armstrong after me to call me back. I tell you, I led him a round. Wherever the fire was hottest, there I spurred—and there followed Armstrong. But after awhile I found a place as hot as hell—and then he stopped following me. They said afterwards I was drunk. They're always lying about me, the scoundrels!"

"It is true then that you had no command?"

"No special command—but, you know, when I was once on the field, I outranked nearly everybody there. And they all seemed glad enough to obey and follow me. God's wrath! in the midst of battle, soldiers know a leader when they see him, though they may lie about him afterwards."

"And where was Gates?"

"Oh, Gates was in his tent, discussing through his spectacles the pros and cons of our dispute with England—arguing it all out with a wounded British officer."

"He wears the chief laurels, however, being the commander," said Pemberton. "You know his friends in Congress, and he has plenty of them, would like to put him in Washington's place. They are perpetually referring to the capture of Burgoyne, and implying that if he had been Commander-in-chief, all the British generals would have been captured by this time."

"They are a set of stupid donkeys," replied Arnold. "Gates did not capture Burgoyne. Schuyler had plowed and sowed, and Gates came up at the last moment, and reaped the field. It was already yellow with the harvest. Yes, Schuyler planned—Stark first put in the sickle—the murder of Miss McCrea gave us plenty of maddened men—and I, though I do say it myself, knew how to lead them. Was I not the first man to storm the British works? If not, where did I get this cursed ball in my leg? This may sound like boasting, Pemberton, but they force me to boast. Congress will not do me even simple justice. But you know, of course, how they are hounding me?"

"I am glad to see, General, that their Committee has absolved you from all those charges which were brought against you."

"Compelled to do it, sir—compelled to do it! There was not a tittle of evidence. Satan! some expect a man in face of the enemy to act with the same deliberation and regularity as if he were selling and billing a lot of goods in a merchant's counting-room! But what do you think they are at now—the scoundrels?"

"Indeed I do not know—I thought the whole matter was settled."

"I thought so too, and resigned my command of this city, you know. But now I hear from a friend, that they—that infernal Congress—have made up their minds not to adopt the report of their own Committee of Inquiry, but to order General Washington to subject me to the disgrace of a court martial."

"Oh, I hope not, General," replied Pemberton, for he could scarcely believe it.

"It is so, sir. You may depend upon it. And it is on a par with the treatment I have received from the first. Any other man would have laid down his commission long ago. What does Washington say? He admits himself that it is shameful. Who had done what I had done?—they force me to boast with their infamous injustice—witness the march through the wilderness to Quebec—my men, sir, positively boiling their own shoes to make soup of, such was their hunger;—toiling waist-deep up icy rivers; then that fearful siege in a Canada winter before the walls of Quebec—besieging double our own numbers—my wound I count as nothing, compared to all the rest—and then what was my reward?"

"I know it all, General; and I sympathize with you deeply. I cannot understand the action of Congress. But, remember you are not fighting—you did not go through all those fearful perils for your own advancement; but for the Country, and the sacred cause of Freedom!" Pemberton's face glowed with his emotion.

"I know all that," replied Arnold. "Would I have stood this gross injustice so long, had it not been for the great Cause? But every man owes a duty also to himself and to his own self-respect. My motto is—'For myself and for all.' Congress appointed, as you know, five Major-Generals, and every one of them was inferior to me in rank. My name was not on the list—though it is a matter of common knowledge that not one of those officers had done and suffered one-half as much for the country as I had. Then, after those other affairs in Connecticut, they voted me—a horse; in place of the two shot under me, 'as a token of their approbation.'" Arnold drawled out this last in bitter irony.

"But they also did you some justice. They made you at last a Major-General."

"Yes, when for very shame they could no longer refuse to. But they did not undo the wrong, even then; for my late promotion leaves me at the foot of the list, and all the others, my juniors, outrank me."

"I do not support the Congress in this matter, General; but let us be fair to them. You know the reason which was given for your not being appointed in the first place—that your State already had its share of military honors. I do not myself think it a good reason—but men may honestly differ on such a matter."

"It was *not* their reason," thundered the General, loudly enough to attract the attention of the passers-by; "it was a mere infamous pretence. They were jealous of me—they and their army pets. I had no friends at Court. They meant to keep me down, or drive me out of the service. They cannot keep me down—but they may drive me from the service," added he with a fierce oath.

"I trust not, General—I trust you will still cleave to the Stripes and Stars. We cannot spare so dauntless a soldier as you have proved yourself to be."

"Well, I must be going," said Arnold, looking at his watch. "I am bound again to that infernal Congress. You know how I must want money—just on the point of my marriage, too—and yet I cannot get a settlement of my accounts from their Committee. I believe they mean to starve me! They will neither accept my accounts, nor reject them. I sometimes almost regret that I ever touched a sword. I should be as rich a man as Bob Morris, and your other magnates who have made a good thing out of the chances of the war, if I had remained in business as they did."

"If Mr. Morris has made money out of his honest ventures, he has also spent it generously and patriotically. You must admit that, General," replied Pemberton, a little warmly.

"Oh, yes, I don't deny that. And I was not finding fault with him for making money. He simply remained in business, and the money flowed into his pockets—as it would into mine, if I had not been so hot-headed, and rushed at the head of my company of State Guards to Boston. Then I should have Congress at my heels, accepting my generous donations with votes of thanks, instead of snarling and biting at me like a pack of mangy curs. But good-by, Mr. Pemberton—it's a long lane that has no turning," and the irascible General walked, limping, up the street.

As he left, Lieutenant Morris, who was a frequent visitor to the city since the evacuation, came up from the opposite direction.

"What had the General to say this morning—any new trouble?" inquired he, laughing.

"He is soured to the very dregs," replied Pemberton, seriously. "He is hard to manage, but they do not treat him fairly, Phil."

"I know they do not. No officer in the army would have patiently borne that promotion of five juniors over his head—and he had done more than all of them put together. It puzzled us in the army very much—what did it all mean, Arthur? You are here on the spot, and ought to understand the internal workings of that stupid Congressional machine a little."

"Perhaps I do—a little. But holding their sessions in secret, it is not so easy to find out things even here on the spot, as you may suppose. As to those appointments, many doubtless looked at the matter from the Politician's point of view—not from the military. The question was not with them who had shown capacity, and ability to serve the country, but who should partake of the broth. Here was a certain amount of honor and pay—and here were the honorable members' friends in the thirteen States. Now, each State, they held, was entitled to its proportionate share of the broth. To appoint Arnold, would be to give Connecticut more than her proportion—and, if it had not been so, the members from Connecticut had no particular love for Arnold."

"Oh, that is miserable!" exclaimed Philip. "We could hardly believe that, in the army."

"That is one view—the worst one. But there are other men than mere mousing politicians in Congress—there are statesmen and gentlemen—and with them the reason I think was this. Despite all Arnold's capacity and daring, they have no faith in the man. There are always reports floating about of his want of high honor—and even, if it must be said, strict honesty. Even here in Philadelphia, we hear the same things. He will live extravagantly—and he has not the money to pay for it. You know what an officer's pay, in Continental money, will do to support him?"

"I am not quite certain whether it will buy oats for his horse, or not. Some of the officers say it will; others say it won't—but here is a bill I just now paid, and you can judge a little from it," replied Morris, taking a slip of paper out of his pocket, and reading it:

"Lieut. P. Morris

Bot. of W. Nicoll,

1 Pair Boots	$100 00
4 Handkerchiefs—$12	48 00
6 yards Blue Cloth—$50	300 00
	$448 00

Received payment,

W. Nicoll."

"I don't think an officer's pay could go very far at those rates," said Pemberton, laughing. "You must live on what you all have so much of—glory!"

"But these confounded shopkeepers and bootmakers are such vulgar fellows that they have no proper sense of glory," replied Philip, with a woeful laugh. "Now there's Arnold—if they would only take pay in glory, he has millions of it."

"Yes, it is a sad affair. As you say, he is covered with glory—and persecuted with debts. Moving in our highest and most expensive circles, engaged to be married to one of the most beautiful women in the city—but who will of course expect to live, as his wife, in the handsome style to which she always has been accustomed—and no money!"

"What—has he no property of his own, and yet living in such an ostentatious and expensive manner?"

"He says that he spent almost the whole of a handsome fortune in that Northern campaign; and brings in a large claim against Congress. The Committee of Accounts will not pass it—evidently doubt its fairness. Arnold storms—for his creditors torment him. Congress will not move. He said just now they meant to starve him, or to force him out of the service; and he implied they might perhaps do the latter."

"It would be a great loss to the country," replied Morris. "He has no equal for dauntless intrepidity, except perhaps it be 'Mad Anthony.' But Arnold has more soldierly ability than Wayne. You have heard how he fought the British flotilla on Lake Champlain? An officer who was there told me that he never saw such fighting. He was outnumbered and beaten, but he would not strike his flag—driving his galleys ashore and setting them on fire, in spite of all Carleton could do. He certainly is a terrible fighter."

"I had not heard so much of that," returned Pemberton, "but I had from an eye-witness an account of his conduct in those two battles near Saratoga. He says Arnold seemed almost crazy with daring—and yet all his orders proved his sanity. He never saw anything like it. The men caught the contagion of his stormy madness, and followed him even up to the muzzles of the British cannon. He shouted, he stormed, he raged like a lion—he plunged into the hottest of the fire—and at last absolutely tried to force his horse into the enemy's entrenchments. In fact, he won Saratoga."

"It seems to me, Arthur, that even the money value of that capture of Burgoyne and his army might be put at a pretty high figure?"

"No doubt about that—but the States are too poor at present to pay for such actions in money, even in Continental money. Arnold and all the rest of you must perforce take your pay in Glory. It cannot be helped, Phil; I am sorry for it, but it cannot be helped."

"I for one do not complain," replied Morris. "To be sure I would like to get enough to live decently on. But I am a young man, and unmarried. I have no wife and children starving and freezing at home. Oh, Arthur, if Congress, or the States, could do a little for thousands of the officers and the men, who are situated as I have described, it would be both right and politic."

"My efforts shall never be wanting, Phil. You know that of what money I can myself control, I give freely."

"I know you do, Arthur."

"And yet, Phil, so unhappy are the times, that a violent and ignorant party among our citizens, as you may have heard, doubt my patriotism, my devotion to the Cause."

"I came mainly to speak to you about that, but the sight of Arnold turned my mind into another channel. Is there any danger of an outbreak?"

"Not against me, or any of the more moderate men. But from what I hear, Lawyer Wilson may be attacked at any moment. The City Troop have been ordered to hold themselves in readiness—and a number of Wilson's friends, myself included, have agreed to aid in the defence of his house if assaulted."

"You may count me in—and McLane," replied the Lieutenant, warmly. "Oh that we had our own troop here—would we not sweep these vermin, if they come out of their holes. But why do they make this special tilt at Wilson—he is one of the best lawyers you have."

"You know he defended Roberts and Carlisle, who were convicted of treason."

"But they were convicted—and hung besides. Did not that satisfy them?"

"No. They seem to think that it was even treasonable in a lawyer to defend them—as if it were not a lawyer's business to defend, if need be, the most wretched murderer! But Wilson said, and he really believes besides, that they were not legally guilty of treason."

"I don't agree with him," said Morris. "But we are fighting to make this a free country—and what kind of a free country would that be, where men could not safely differ in opinion?"

"Wilson also defended those merchants who would not conform to the established scale of prices."

"Well, if he has violated the laws, let them punish him according to the laws. But I am opposed to this mob-rule, to the death."

"And I also," said Pemberton. "It is one of our greatest dangers. I hope it will be trodden out at once wherever it shows its snake-like head."

"I must go and tell McLane about this," said Morris, rising, for he also had taken a seat on the porch during this conversation.

"Come and take dinner with us, Phil; you know we are always glad to see you."

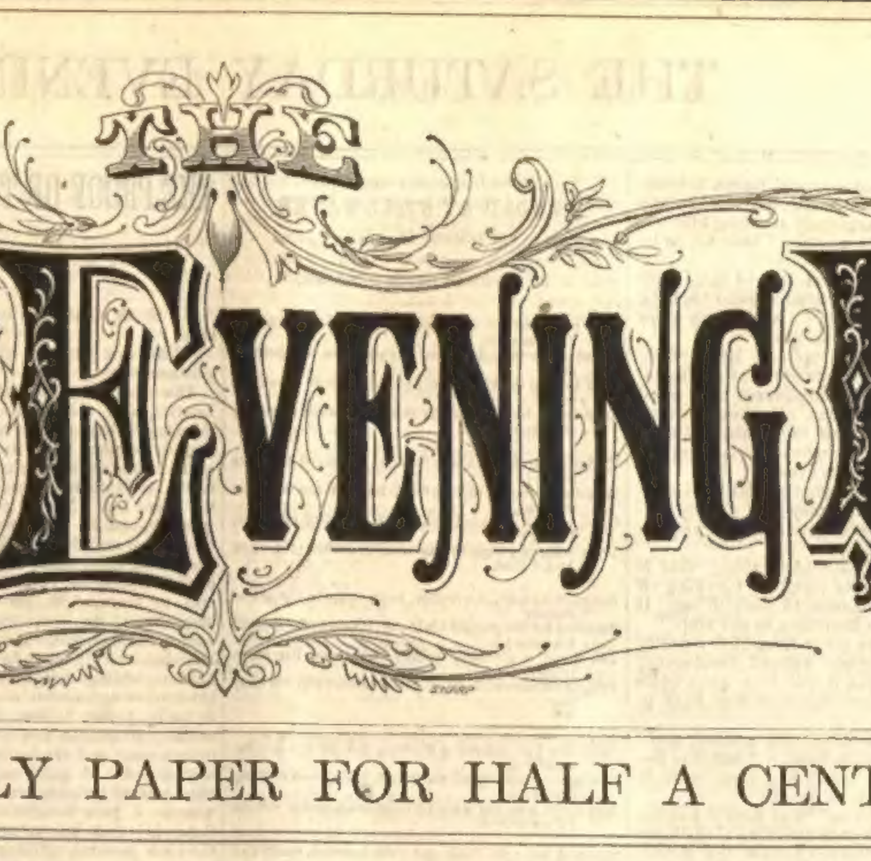
"I will—or else early in the evening. How is the beautiful Isabella?"

"You mean, I suppose, the adorable Helen?" replied Pemberton, with a smile. "She is as beautiful and bewitching as ever. Phil"—in a low voice—"I am glad to find you are growing more sensible. If you cannot have a woman as your wife, then have her as your friend."

"Arth—old boy," replied Philip, in the same low tone, but his voice quivered with its earnestness, "did you ever know me to give up anything, while there was still the faintest hope? I may alter my plans—but I never alter my purpose. There is no other woman on the wide earth, as far as I am concerned, save Helen Graham."

Pemberton shook his head sadly, as his friend walked slowly away. He had supposed, from the more subdued and sensible manner in which Philip had behaved of late, that he had abandoned all hope of winning Helen. But it seemed that he still loved her with the same intensity as before—and only waited a favorable opportunity to press his suit. Whether Helen had been deceived as well as himself, Pemberton could not tell from her behaviour, which was always exceedingly kind and friendly to Philip.

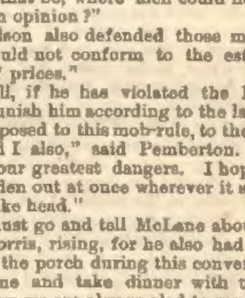
Our own opinion is that she was not very greatly deceived. Women as keen-witted as Helen, are not apt to be deceived in matters of that character. But she was very much pleased nevertheless with the change in the Lieutenant's manner. She wished him for a friend, if she did not wish him for a lover. What she might have wished, if she had never seen André, it is impossible to say.



ARNOLD'S EXPEDITION TO CANADA.

[From Lossing's Field Book of the Revolution.]

Arnold set out on the 18th of September, 1775, on his adventurous expedition. The troops rendezvoused at Fort Western, opposite the present town of Augusta, Maine. This was on the verge of an uninhabited and almost unexplored wilderness, and towards its fearful shadow these brave men turned their faces. The first toils of the little army—consisting of ten companies of musketeers from New England, and three companies of riflemen from Virginia and Maryland, began at Norridgewock Falls. (*See engraving above.*) Here they were obliged to drag and carry all their batteaux, provisions and stores around the Falls, a mile and a quarter, to the navigable waters above. The banks were rocky and precipitous, and seven days were employed in passing the Falls and repairing the vessels. But this was but the beginning. Carrying-places, one of fifteen miles long, were frequent. Over craggy knolls, and through tangled ravines, morasses, creeks and ponds they toiled onward, carrying their baggage and stores on their shoulders. On October 22d heavy rains set in, and a freshet overturned seven boats. Provisions grew scarce. Many became sick and despondent. Arnold, with the strongest of his men, pushed onwards. The rain changed to snow, and ice formed upon the water, in which they had to wade to save their boats. Seventeen falls were passed. At one place three boats were dashed upon the rocks. Famished, they washed their moose-skin moccasins in the river, boiled them, and tried to eat them. They were forced to eat roots and a dog. But at last the advance party reached a French settlement, and sent back food to the remainder. Take it all in all, it was one of the most wonderful marches on record. For thirty-two days, sometimes armpit deep in water and mud, they traversed the gloomy wilderness, without meeting a human being. Lossing says:—"It was an effort in the cause of Freedom worthy its divine character; and the men who thus periled life and endured pain, whatever may have been their course in after life, deserve the highest praise from the hearts and lips of posterity."



FIRST NAVAL FLAGS.

CHAPTER II.

How curious that a few square yards of bunting
Should have so great a charm!

Early that evening, Philip came according to promise. But he had scarcely spoken to the family circle, which he found gathered in the parlor, when Foxey came rushing in, wild with terror.

"Oh, Mas' Arth—dey're comin', dey're comin'!" cried he.

"Who is coming, Fox?" asked Mrs. Pemberton, calmly.

"De mob—de wild mob. Dey had a meetin' out Arch street 'bove Fift. Gen'. Arnol' tried to swade 'em to 'sperse—but dey flung stones at de Gen'ral, and made him run 'way. And now dey're 'bout marchin' down into de town."

Pemberton started up. "I do not think they mean to attack us, mother; but I will wait and see. If they pass us, I shall hurry out through the garden to Wilson's—for probably they are going there. Where are you bound, Philip?"

"Around to the rendezvous of the City Troop. If we can get a dozen together, I think it will be enough at least to make a

diversion. We shall pass here first. Had you not better close up everything in front, Aunt Rachel?"

"What! like convicts, that fear the constable?" exclaimed Mrs. Pemberton, rising majestically from her seat. "Fox, light every lamp and candle in the rooms in the front part of the house. And, girls, I intend going out into the porch to see what these men look like. Will you come out with me? Do not if you think there is any danger."

"Of course, Mrs. Pemberton, we will go with you," replied the two ladies, almost in a breath. "It is the very thing to do, if you apprehend an attack, to meet it at the threshold," said Isabella proudly.

"Yes, as father used to say, always 'face the music.' Let us look these curs in the eye," added Helen haughtily.

Morris looked at Pemberton. It was a glance of interrogation.

"I think the ladies are right, Phil. And bad as mobs are, they cannot get up a mob in Philadelphia, which will harm, or even insult, a woman."

"Then I'm off," said Morris, hastening out of the front door.

By the time Fox had lit up the front rooms, and the ladies had donned their shawls, the noise of the mob could be distinctly heard coming down the street. It was a low, dull roar, as of an approaching tornado.

Mrs. Pemberton and her two sidecamps—as Helen laughingly described her sister and herself afterwards—threw wide open the front door, and took their station in the porch, just before the head of the mob reached the house. All the other houses were dark, and tightly closed in front; and the mob, as they came up, were evidently surprised at the festive appearance Mrs. Pemberton's mansion presented, and at the presence of the three ladies on the porch. But they marched along—several hundred silent men, armed with muskets, and dragging two cannon, loading the van; and behind them a noisy, swearing multitude, unarmed save with stones and clubs.

It was evident at once from the passing of the front ranks, that no harm was intended to the Pembertons—unless the breaking of the front windows with stones might be called such. But not a stone was thrown; and when the procession was about half past, to Mrs. Pemberton's excessive surprise, she saw many eyes cast upward, and then heard a rough voice shout:

"Three cheers for the Rattlesnake Flag!" which were given with a will.

"What does it all mean?" said she to Isabella. "Is it possible that old affair is not forgotten yet?"

The young ladies exchanged glances, but said nothing. The roof over the porch prevented them from seeing what was going on above, but they had a strong conviction of what was really transpiring. For Foxey, in his anxiety for the safety of the dwelling and its inmates, had gone up-stairs, and was waving the Rattlesnake Flag as a charm and protection from one of the upper windows.

CHAPTER III.

A mob—a riotous, disorderly mob!
I argue not with men in such a mood,
Save with the ball and bayonet.

No sooner had Pemberton ascertained that the front ranks of the mob had passed the house, than picking up his hat and cane, he ran rapidly down the garden, and thence to Mr. Wilson's, at the corner of Walnut and Third streets. The mob had not turned into Third street, as he feared, but had gone down to Second, as if to disguise the object they had in view.

At the door of Mr. Wilson's house a number of gentlemen were standing, listening and watching—men of intelligence and high position, who did not choose to see Liberty stricken down in the home of its professed friends. Among the twenty or more thus gathered, were some who held commissions in the Continental army, such as Captains McLane and Campbell, Colonel Grayson and General Mifflin.

Soon they heard the roar of the mob, as it turned up Walnut from Second, and came directly on towards the house. Now the previously silent and armed men began to shout, crying out, "Death to Traitors! Death to all Tories!"

The gentlemen at once retired within the house, and barricaded the doors. The lower windows were closed tight with shutters, but you could see from the street that the second and third story windows were open.

"Bring out that old Tory, Jim Wilson!" shouted one, who appeared to be the leader of the mob. "Bring him out, I say—or your blood be upon your own heads!"

A clear, ringing voice from the house replied—no one ever knew afterwards whose voice it was:—"Let all men who love the laws of the land, and would not suffer harm, retire from before this house, which is James Wilson's castle. If they will not, their blood be upon their own heads!"

The words were hardly out of the speaker's mouth, before a shot from some rash hand had entered the second story window whence the voice proceeded. And immediately, like an echo, came the report of one musket from the same window, followed by a shriek from a man who stood near the leader of the rioters, as he threw up his hands, and fell to the ground mortally wounded.

At this, there was a volley from the mob, answered by a return volley from the house. The contest had fairly begun.

"Bring up the cannon!" shouted various voices. But this was not easily done; for the fire of the besieged—and they were good marksmen, and the distance was short—told fearfully upon those who rushed to the ropes of the cannon in response. And soon the middle of the street, within musket reach of the windows, was entirely cleared; the mob clustering in a line on the same side of the street as the house, where it was difficult to aim at them.

But, before many minutes, a party of the rioters, headed by two men with sledge-hammers, made a rush for the door of the dwelling. Here it was difficult for those above to harm them, except by greatly exposing their own persons.

"Thud!—thud!"—went the heavy sledges—soon followed by a sharp crash, as one of the panels of the door was stove in. But the moment the panel gave way, the besieged fired a volley from the entry through the opening, and the two sledgemen staggered back and fell dead on the pavement.

But the contest probably would have gone hard with the defenders of the house, if at this moment the cry of "the horse! the horse!" had not been heard from the rear of the mob; and supposing a whole troop was upon them, the greater part of the rioters—armed men and all—fled in every direction, carrying off their wounded; while up swept, through the dark, like a very small tornado, just nine horsemen. Morris had found these at their quarters, and, hearing the firing, they had concluded to risk an attack, without waiting for any more of their number. As it turned out, these were sufficient; though others, in a short time, came riding in, and the city was put under regular patrol.

Of the defenders of the house—which was called ever afterwards, half in jest and half in earnest, Fort Wilson—one, Captain Campbell, was killed, and several were wounded. Of the rioters, five certainly were killed, and a large number wounded. But of course the number of the latter could never be ascertained—as they had no desire to incur in addition the dangers of a criminal prosecution.

When Pemberton returned home, half-an-hour afterwards, he found his mother and the young ladies anxiously awaiting him.

"I am all safe, mother," said he, as he entered the room.

"God be thanked!" exclaimed Mrs. Pemberton, as she put her arms around his neck and kissed him. "And I hope every other mother can say that to-night."

Isabella also came up and kissed him. And then Helen. The excitement and agitation of the moment overpowered their usual ceremonious behaviour. It seemed very natural to both of them to do this, and even Mrs. Pemberton, decorous to the last degree, did not open her grave eyes.

Pemberton related what had taken place—a great deal of which they had already surmised from the discharges of musketry which they had plainly heard.

"Ah, my son," said his mother, this is what I feared, as the result of throwing off their dutiful allegiance to their King. It is but a step from Rebellion to the Mob."

"Well, we have given King Mob a pretty good lesson to-night," replied Pemberton, proudly. "I think it will be a good while before another mob raises its foul head in Philadelphia."

"I hope so," rejoined his mother, shaking her head despondingly; "but this Rebellion began in a mob, and if it succeeds, it will be the triumph of a mob."

"Yes," said Helen, "and then it will die of a mob. Uncle once said that if the King would but withdraw his armies, the Rebellion would fall to pieces of itself."

"I wish he would only try the experiment," replied Pemberton. "Come, Helen, that is a ground we both can meet on."

"I think it is time we were all going to bed, girls," said Mrs. Pemberton. "You must take care of your roses;" and, obedient to her signal, they followed her out of the room. Isabella having to come back again for a moment however, for her handkerchief—and a good-night kiss.

Pemberton walked the floor for a full hour afterwards. He was a sincere lover of his country, and, in the aid he had given the Rebellion, had no private ends to gratify. Even his ambition was in no wise enlisted in the success of the American cause. The army was not particularly to his taste, even if he had not been debarred from it by his mother's prayers. And for political and civil honors he also cared but little. He valued too highly the precious gifts which generally have to be sacrificed upon the shrine of Ambition, by those who would succeed in her service—perfect independence of thought, perfect honesty and sincerity of speech and action.

Besides, he was just the opposite of a fanatic and bigot. He always saw his opponent's view of a question quite as clearly as his own. Therefore, he could not help laying himself open continually to the suspicions of men of smaller, narrower minds. He was an earnest Whig—but he understood clearly how another man could be an equally earnest, equally honest Tory. And though he was a Whig, he did not blind himself to the force of the arguments that were urged on the opposite side.

Now here was this Mob. How much truth was there in what his mother and Helen had said? Could the country hold together, and establish a great Empire—an Empire without an Emperor—if the armies of the united States should prove successful? They had not been able as yet to adopt the Articles of Confederation, although reported two years previously—and even these Articles were lacking in those powers necessary to the very existence of a government. No tax could be laid, or money appropriated, without the consent of nine out of the thirteen States. What could such a Confederation, even if agreed upon, amount to?

Still, he saw nothing else to be done, than to go forward. Not exultingly, like many, but still earnestly and hopefully. Giving what influence he had to the adoption of such energetic measures as were absolutely necessary to the success of the war, while he also gave his influence to the support of those great principles of Individual Freedom, without the establishment of which, the success of the States would neither be conducive to their own progress in civilization, nor to that of the world at large.

And having come to this conclusion, Pemberton looked at his watch, saw that it was an hour later than his usual bed-time, dismissed the subject from his mind, and occupying its place with the more agreeable thought of Isabella Graham, retired to his room, and to rest.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Troublesome Listener Fixed.

An old French officer was relating the story of the battle of Coulmeieres, in the regimental mess, one evening, when he was constantly interrupted by a forward, presuming young lieutenant, who had got his epaulettes no one knew how. "The Prussian batteries were here, such a brigade there, with the cavalry in the woods in the rear," said the old soldier, and the impertinent young one chimed in, "Yes, yes; that's right!" at every word. This exasperated the narrator. He had just reached the critical moment when there was a general action along the whole line. His regiment was ordered to the front; it charged. "Monsieur," politely continued the superior, turning to his troublesome hearer, "it was there that I was killed; please continue the story."

The Language of the Law.

Some idea of the tautology of the legal formulæ may be gathered from the following specimen, wherein, if a man wishes to give another an orange, instead of saying "I give you that orange," he must set forth his will and deed thus: "I give you all and singular, my estate and interest, right, title and claim, and advantage of and in that orange, with all its rind, skin, juice, pulp and pips, and all rights and advantage therein, with full power to bite such, or otherwise eat the same orange, or give the same away, with or without its rind, skin, juice, pulp and pips, anything heretofore or hereinafter, or in any other deed, or deeds, instrument or instruments, of what kind or nature soever, to the contrary in anywise notwithstanding."

A STRANGE STORY.—A very strange story comes from Paris. In an open lot of the Rue de Vanvres the body of a colored gentleman, dressed with remarkable taste, was found pierced with three wounds, apparently inflicted with a dagger. There was clearly no attempt at robbery, for in his pockets were found 1200 francs and the following curious note: "To-night, at three o'clock, three assassins are waiting for me in the 'Clos Villonel.' Still I am going there. Let no attempt be made to discover them if they kill me. I will not utter a single cry, and I pardon them." The gentleman's body was brought to the morgue, and the police—well, they are "working up the case."

EAT WHAT AGREES WITH YOU.—I now can manage anything edible except boiled and fried cabbage, molasses and sweet milk. Sweet milk may be nature's own food, but it disagrees with many persons. My eyes very slowly opened to the conviction that it did not agree with me, whether it ought to or not. I mention this in order to exhort all my readers to eat only what agrees with them individually, in spite of every rule or regulation, scientific or vulgar. Indeed, sensible physicians now give this advice. There is no accounting for digestive idiosyncrasies.

☞ Three Michigan girls were fined five dollars for "cutting up" in church.

[From Lippincott's Magazine.]

ARNOLD AT STILLWATER.

SEPTEMBER 19, 1777.

BY THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH.

Ah? you mistake me, comrades, to think that my heart is steel,
Cased in a cold endurance, nor pleasure nor pain to feel:
Cold as I am in my manner, yet over these cheeks so seared
Tear-drops have fallen in torrents, thrice since my chin grew beard.

Thrice since my chin was bearded I suffered the tears to fall:
Benedict Arnold, the traitor! he was the cause of them all.
Once, when he carried Stillwater, proud of his valor, I cried:
Then with my rage at his treason—with pity when André died.

Benedict Arnold, the traitor, sank deep in the pit of shame,
Bartered for vengeance his honor, blackened for profit his fame;
Yet never a gallanter soldier, whatever his after-crime,
Fought on the red field of honor than he in his early time.

Ah! I remember Stillwater, as it were yesterday:
Then first I shouldered a firelock, and set out the foemen to slay.
The country was up all around us, racing and chasing Burgoyne,
And I had gone out with my neighbors, Gates and his forces to join.

Marched we with Poor and with Learned, ready and eager to fight;
There stood the foemen before us, cannon and men on the height:
Onward we trod with no shouting, forbidden to fire till the word;
As silent their long line of scarlet—not one of them whispered or stirred.

Suddenly then from among them smoke rose and spread on the breeze;
Grapeshot flew over us sharply, cutting the limbs from the trees;
But onward we pressed till the order of Cilley fell full on the ear;
Then we leveled our pieces and fired them, and rushed up the slope with a cheer.

Fiercely we charged on their centre, and beat back the stout grenadiers,
And wounded the brave Major Ackland, and grappled the swart cannoniers:
Five times we captured their cannons, and five times they took them again;
But the sixth time we had them we kept them, and with them a share of their men.

Our colonel who led us dismounted, high on a cannon he sprang—
Over the noise of our shouting clearly his joyous words rang:
"These are our own brazen beauties! Here to America's cause
I dedicate each, and to freedom!—foes to King George and his laws!"

Worn as we were with the struggle, wounded and bleeding and sore,
Some stood all pale and exhausted; some lay there still in their gore;
And round through the mass went a murmur, that grew to a whispering cheer,
And then to reproaches outspoken—"If General Arnold were here!"

For Gates, in his folly and envy, had given the chief no command,
And far in the rear some had seen him horseless and moodily stand,
Knitting his forehead in anger, and gnawing his red lip in pain,
Fretting himself like a bloodhound held back from his prey by a chain.

Hark! at our right there is cheering! there is the ruffle of drums!
Here is the well-known brown charger! Spurring it madly he comes!
Learned's brigade have espied him, rending the air with a cheer:
Woe to the terrified foeman, now that our leader is here!

Piercing the tumult behind him, Armstrong is out on his track:
Gates has despatched his lieutenant to summon the fugitive back.
Armstrong might summon the tempest, order the whirlwind to stay,
Issue commands to the earthquake—would they the mandate obey?

Wounds, they were healed in a moment, weariness instantly gone:
Forward he pointed his sabre—led us, not ordered us on.
Down on the Hessians we thundered, he, like a madman, ahead:
Vainly they strove to withstand us—raging, they shivered and fled.

On to their earthworks we drove them, shaking with ire and dismay;
There they made stand with a purpose to beat back the tide of the day;
Onward we followed, then faltered; deadly their balls whistled free.
Where was our death-daring leader? Arnold, our hope, where was he?

He? He was everywhere riding! hither and thither his form,
On the brown charger careering, showed us the path of the storm:
Over the roar of the cannon, over the musketry's crash,
Sounded his voice, while his sabre lit up the fray with its flash.

Throwing quick glances around him, reining a moment his steed—
"Brooks! that redoubt!" was his order; "let the rest follow my lead!
Mark where the smoke-cloud is parting! see where their gun-barrels glance!
Livingston, forward! On, Wesson! charge them! Let Morgan advance!"

"Forward!" he shouted, and, spurring on through the sally port then,
Full sword in hand on the Hessians, closely behind him our men.
Back shrank the foemen in terror, off went their forces pell-mell,
Firing one Parthian volley: struck by it, Arnold he fell.

Ours was the day. Up we raised him; spurted the blood from his knee—
"Take this cravat, boys, and bind it—I am not dead yet," said he.
"What! did you follow me, Armstrong? Pray, do you think it quite right,
Leaving your duties out yonder to risk your dear self in the fight?"

General Gates sent his orders—" faltering the aide-de-camp spoke—
"You're to return, lest some rashness—" Fiercely the speech Arnold broke:
"Rashness! Why, yes! tell the general the rashness he dreaded is done!
Tell him his lunatic's beaten! tell him the battle is won!"

Oh that a soldier so glorious, ever victorious in fight,
Passed from a daylight of honor into the terrible night—
Fell as the mighty archangel, ere the earth glowed in space, fell—
Fell from the patriot's heaven down to the loyalist's hell!

THE FOUR WEAPONS.

The brave man tries his sword, the coward his tongue.
The old coquette her gold, her face the young.

☞ A change of bed-linen is an event of such rare occurence in the domestic economy of a certain hotel in a neighboring city, that it is triumphantly heralded on the bill of fare, "Clean sheets to-day."

☞ When you observe a man hastening along with a clock under one arm, a looking-glass under the other, and a couple of flat-irons in his pocket, it is best not to ask him if he is moving.

☞ The jail of Sussex county, New Jersey, has not a single tenant, and the grand jury of that county which was recently in session did not find a single indictment.

☞ A Washington editor is indignant because a compositor headed his editorial "The Champagne Opened," when he wrote, "The Campaign Opened." He says that printer is always thinking of something to drink.

☞ "Our friend James M. Springer, Esq., of Bellevernon, fills a somewhat curious position. He married a couple one day; sold them their furniture the next; in a short time afterward attended the wife medically; attended her funeral as an undertaker, and the following Sabbath preached her funeral sermon—and in a short time married the former husband to another lady, and again sold them the furniture which he sold at the time of the first marriage."—*Terre Haute Mail.*

THE PROOF OF THE PUDDING.

BY EDGAR FAWCETT.

"I think that you had better," said the lady.

"I believe you are right," answered the gentleman.

The lady was a certain Mrs. Roswell Leavitt, and the gentleman a certain Mr. Edmund Johnston, her brother. They were seated together in a room that it would require much ability for elegant details to describe with full justice. Opening off from the lower hall of a by no means large basement house in Fifth avenue, it was consequently of small dimensions; but its narrow space had been made to accommodate many odd beauties of furniture and decoration, and to seem, with its warm-tinted purple easy-chairs, its low, ornament-laden book-cases, its quaint, stately cuspedors, its Parisian-looking chandelier, and its picture-hidden walls, delightful enough for any luxury-loving matron since Cleopatra. "It *is* quite pretty," Mrs. Leavitt usually admitted, whenever her friends praised this little room; and she had been known to add, with a smile of quiet carelessness: "There wasn't much pains taken about its furnishing, either. I just bought things and crowded them in, you know, pell-mell. I suppose the nice general effect may be said to have happened so, more or less." Mrs. Leavitt spoke the above words as if only her comfortable purse had been more or less responsible for such a lucky accident.

On the present Sunday morning, when (if I may be pardoned the use of so glaring an originality) "our tale opens," Mrs. Leavitt and her brother were seated in a manner to command an excellent view, from the window opposite them, of the throngs which just then filled the avenue, without however being themselves observed. A few moments previously Mrs. Leavitt had returned from church, and had not yet done more than unloosen the sable boa from her throat and untie the strings of her bonnet. Now in her twenty-eighth year, and a little prophetic in appearance of what late hours and ceaseless excitement must one day accomplish, she was still a woman of undeniable beauty, dark-eyed, classic-featured, and of large, queenly figure.

The man at her side, who sat loungingly in his easy-chair at present, making the room quite smoky with the cigarette he was engaged upon, had a face that bore strong likeness to her own, but added to this family resemblance beauty of a much superior order. He was a man, indeed, of whom the least favorable critic had never said that he was not strikingly handsome; for from brow to sole he was shaped as nature seldom shapes her children, and as few sculptors know how to model their ideals. I should, indeed, like to convey an impression by this statement that Edmund Johnston was perhaps one man in every five thousand, casting the merciless average after much sober reflection concerning its truth. Plain description ought now to add, no doubt, that his height was a little above medium, his head Greek in outline, his hair and moustache a rich, lustrous brown, his eyes a deep, luminous blue, and his grace of posture and movement always thorough; but plain description cannot give a just idea of how perfectly these physical traits combined, without dipping its pencil rather lavishly among the colors of out-and-out enthusiasm.

"Of course I am right,' said Mrs. Leavitt, after her brother's thoughtfully-spoken acquiescence. "The more I think of it, Ed, the more it seems as if Fate or Providence, or something of the sort, were putting that girl in your way. (There goes Wallace Effingham, with the eldest Meredith. What can he like about her, unless it's her money?) You remember my saying, don't you, that she promised to be pretty when I paid old Uncle Cromley that visit before my marriage? Six years will have made her just twenty-two, and having had her uncle and her governess for sole companionship and society since her parents' death, one might safely say that her present condition will be malleable, at least."

"What an absurd word, Sue! We are for all the world like a pair of plotters in a melo-drama, talking in this style."

"I suppose we are, Ed. But then I do want the plot to succeed; and that isn't possible, you know, without your full consent to become a devoted accomplice."

"You take for granted that if I do consent, success is certain?"

Mrs. Leavitt looked round at her brother with a little impatient smile, quite forgetful of the social panorama that was just then passing her window.

"If I thought that you yourself had a doubt of your success in that case, I shouldn't ask you to make the attempt. Of course you can do what you please with a girl of this rural kind. Candidly, I never yet saw any woman capable of resisting your full broadside of attractions when you choose to level them upon her."

"Please don't, Sue. I feel that a blush is imminent on each of my cheeks."

"It ought to be a blush of shame, Edmund," was the grave reply, "for having neglected your opportunities till thirty, in this reckless style. Last winter I just implored you to propose to Katie McDougal—"

"And I didn't," was the placid interruption. "Katie's twenty thousand a year went somewhere else—and her freckles, too. I hope your new matrimonial project isn't freckled, by the way."

"To-morrow you can judge for yourself."

"She is coming to-morrow?" asked Edmund, with lifted eyebrows.

"Yes. Uncle Cromley consents with great reluctance to send her down to-morrow. I suppose the careful old creature will pin 'glass' on her, or something of that sort, to insure extra attention from the conductor. And by the way, she is valuable enough to be well taken care of—in a pecuniary sense, at least. Edmund, do you happen to know what that rustic's actual income is per annum?"

Edmund shook his head very negatively indeed.

"And perhaps I'd better not hear," he added, solemnly. "If she isn't nice, you know, it will be such a disappointment."

"Pshaw! It's—" Mrs. Leavitt paused, with the numeral at the tip of her tongue. "Will you promise faithfully not to tell any of those men at the club?"

"I promise."

"Or, in fact, anybody at all?"

"Or, in fact, anybody at all."

"It is eighty thousand dollars."

"Good heavens! Who is responsible for having kept her hidden away so long?"

"That great-uncle of ours, Mr. Stephen Cromley, her guardian, and her mother's brother. He has seen a great deal of the world in his young days, and dreads fortune-hunters, I suppose. Perhaps he would have adopted a different course with his ward if her property here in New York had not increased so prodigiously during the past few years. Don't you think his conduct perfectly monstrous?"

Edmund hurled the remnant of his cigarette into one of the cuspedors with a gesture that had something savage about it.

"I think hanging would be a charity toward him, Sue. And now may I ask how you gained all this information?"

"Roswell knows a certain lawyer who told him in strict confidence, which, by the way, Roswell was uxorious enough to violate. (I wonder where Mrs. Fullerton picked up that repulsive bonnet she has on? Oh, Edmund, you *will* try and settle yourself this time, won't you?" And there was great pathos in the voice of Edmund's sister as she spoke these final words.

"I ought to try, Sue. Of course I ought. I've been a burden to you and Roswell long enough, with the loans, and gifts, and pecuniary countenance generally which I am always receiving from you."

"Nonsense; don't be silly. You know it isn't that, and Roswell has never complained a bit. But then—"

"Certainly, Sue; there's a huge 'but,' which I'm aware of, heaven knows." Edmund jumped up rather suddenly from his easy-chair at this point. "My ridiculous two thousand a year does its very best not to make me appear laughable, and sometimes succeeds poorly. You are thoroughly right; if I won't work, I must marry."

"Please don't put things in such a flippant style, Ed. Now and then you talk just as if you'd been getting 'Ouida' by heart. My proposition is merely good, and sound, and sensible, and I do hope you'll reflect upon it. (When *will* that decrepit old Barnesbee man leave off flirting with young girls? It's enough to make his poor dead wife turn in her grave. I'm sure she must haunt him.) Not going, Edmund? Won't you stay and lunch?"

"Can't—thanks. I promised to lunch with Mrs. Dillinger this morning."

"Oh!" The sister's face wore a troubled frown, and her voice rang a trifle harshly. "I sha'n't presume to set the attractions of my luncheon against hers. She has so many fascinating modes of entertainment." Then Mrs. Leavitt's frown disappeared and her handsome eyes grew quite beseechful. "I do wish you'd leave off that intimacy, Ed, at least until after you've seen Angela Aimes a few times."

"Angela Aimes: that's the name of your pastoral heiress, isn't it? I wonder if she's as odd as her name." Edmund took up his hat and walking-stick and came close to his sister's side. "Kiss me good-by, Sue, and don't worry yourself about mere nothings. I'll drop in to-morrow evening, perhaps, and take a look at this female rent-roll. Mind, please not to lend her any of your wardrobe adornments. Let her wear plain calico, if she chooses. I shall be sure to see right through such shallow disguises, you know."

"I won't lend her a pin, Ed, if you object to it. Anything to make you behave properly. Mrs. Luffington saw you kiss me just then. I hope she recognized you."

"What can be nicer than family affection seen from a street window? I'm sure it's much prettier than that *jardinière*, and a great deal more novel."

At two o'clock in the afternoon of the next day, Mrs. Leavitt's glossy, prosperous-looking *coupé* stood waiting for the arrival of a certain train before the Madison avenue portion of the New Haven depot—that ugly doorway whence newly arrived passengers usually emerge upon the metropolis. But Mrs. Leavitt was compelled to drive home without her expected guest, after a rigid inspection of all who came forth, feeling not a little anxious lest Angela had been missed, in spite of her attentive scrutiny. The dignified butler who opened her own door, however, quieted all anxiety by his deferential murmur to the effect that Miss Aimes was in the sitting-room, having arrived about five minutes ago.

"My dear Angela, to think that I should have missed you!" exclaimed Mrs. Leavitt, before she had crossed the sitting-room threshold. "How did it ever happen? You couldn't have come out of the depot by the usual way."

A pair of cordial kisses on either of Angela's cheeks terminated this last sentence; and then Mrs. Leavitt, holding her guest's hand with very affectionate pressure, gave two or three of those instantaneous eye-sweeps by means of which one woman absorbs into consciousness a thorough understanding of what another woman is like. Angela, she rapidly concluded, was not like anybody she had ever seen before. In fact, Mrs. Leavitt's heart came very near sinking despondently as she made up her mind that Angela was an indubitable oddity. "Edmund will never like those immense gray eyes and that singular dull-yellow hair," was her brisk sort of meditation. "Thank heaven, her teeth are conventional, and she doesn't disdain her finger-nails."

Miss Aimes began to speak with clear, pleasant tones, and an utter absence of shyness.

"I don't come alone, Cousin Sue. Elizabeth came with me. Uncle thought it would be better; he is so careful of me, you know." By this time the figure of a neatly-dressed, placid-looking old woman was apparent to Mrs. Leavitt, seated in one of the corners. "Our car was delayed for quite a little while before entering the depot, and Elizabeth thought it would be as well to get out and walk straight here; she is quite familiar with the city, you know. I really hope we haven't given you much trouble." What Mrs. Leavitt had silently termed her guest's immense gray eyes were full of much gentle solicitude at this point in the young lady's remarks.

"Only the trouble of being worried concerning your whereabouts, my dear—that is all. Now that you're safe, I am quite appeased. And so Uncle Cromley decided upon Elizabeth? Elizabeth, I am very glad to see you."

The old woman rose, with a primly-spoken "Thank you, ma'am," doubtless very far indeed from guessing that Mrs. Leavitt thoroughly regretted Uncle Cromley's Elizabethan decision, and was just then hoping with much quiet fervor that "the creature wasn't going to make herself troublesome at all" during this visit of her young mistress.

Presently Angela was shown to the handsome room which Mrs. Leavitt had designed for her, and given to understand in a great many flattering ways, that her presence caused profound satisfaction.

"I am truly charmed," her hostess said, with the most amiable smile of which she was capable, "to have been successful in persuading Uncle Cromley to let you come. And now that you are here, be sure that I shall spare no exertion in the matter of making your visit enjoyable."

"Please don't let it be any exertion," murmured Angela with quiet candor, smoothing her odd-colored hair before the glass as she spoke. "I would so much rather not have you take the least trouble on my account. Judging from what I have seen already, you appear to live in a very grand sort of way, Cousin Sue—a great deal grander than I am accustomed to at home. And certainly what is your ordinary style will be quite change enough for me."

"You misunderstand, my dear," said Mrs. Leavitt, laughing very sweetly. "I mean that I am going to show you all I can of real gayety and enjoyment. Uncle Cromley won't object, I suppose, to your getting two or three nice evening dresses."

The gray eyes wore a wondering look as they met Mrs. Leavitt's face now. I didn't think much about dresses. What kind do you mean? Silk?

"We can settle on the material to-morrow," Mrs. Leavitt answered, turning away to hide a smile. "There is to be a large ball on Thursday evening, for which I intend getting you an invitation, and—"

"A ball!" was the frightened interruption. "Honestly, Cousin Sue, I'd rather not go, if you please." Angela laid down the brush and went to a window, looking out in a flurried way upon the street below. Then, turning suddenly toward Mrs. Leavitt, she continued in rapid and rather excited tones:

"This is just what Uncle Cromley told me that I was to expect, the day he consented to my coming here. But I said that I was sure you wouldn't force me to do anything against my will, and that you would just let me live quietly if I chose, and see things without being seen much myself. I want, you know, to take a look at places like the City Hall and Central Park, and all that. But I never was meant for a fashionable person, and I should die of fright if you were to make me wear flowers in my hair and dress in splendid clothes. Perhaps this may sound a little odd to you—I'm certain it does, Cousin Sue, by the way you're looking now; but then you must remember——"

"Don't say another word, my darling." Mrs. Leavitt's interruption was the veriest coo of amiability, and before finishing it she had reached Angela's side and secured one of the girl's hands between both of her own satin-soft palms. "Don't explain *why* your remarks seem odd to me. Is there any earthly reason that they should not, love? And yet is there any earthly reason that I, for my part, should wonder at these strange tastes of yours, knowing well how natural your quiet, eventless life has made them? Of course you dread society now; and of course when you enter it and are admired by its members, and draw a sensible comparison between your past monotony and your present enjoyments, a very different feeling will replace this dread. Trust me, Angela, when I tell you boldly that Uncle Cromley has been doing you a serious injustice by the system on which he has educated you. However, that is no affair of mine, I suppose. All that concerns me now is to paint the life for which I believe you well-fitted, and of which I am determined that you shall have at least a transient glimpse, in as truthful colors as I can." Whereupon Mrs. Leavitt commenced painting, and entered into many elaborate details of her work with the skill of a real master. But it is doubtful whether certain alluring descriptions of how she was expected to spend the period of her visit went far toward pleasing Angela with their vivid eloquence. She looked rather sad and dispirited by the time that Mrs. Leavitt put the soft question:

"Have you ever danced, my dear?"

"Never. You are not going to make me learn, I hope?" There was such a worried look accompanying the words that Mrs. Leavitt laughed merrily enough.

"My brother Edmund dances very well. Perhaps he can induce you to try a little under his partnership some evening, while I play a waltz. Or," seeing the blush that crimsoned Angela's face now, "you might practice with my husband, who is also very proficient. Suppose we go down to luncheon; I'm sure you must be hungry after your journey."

By five o'clock that afternoon Mr. Leavitt returned from his office in Wall street, and was presented to his wife's guest. Roswell Leavitt understood the art of making himself agreeable to nearly everybody, and his most commendable efforts in this direction were now brought to bear upon Angela. But, later, while dressing for dinner, he made the following candid confidence to his wife:

"I don't think I succeeded very well with her, Sue. Perhaps, however, the poor girl is tired, and wants to be let alone."

"Don't call her a poor girl, Roswell; the term ought not to be applied to her, even in its most limited sense. Do you think her at all pretty?"

"I am not sure whether I do or no," said Mr. Leavitt, intent upon the arrangement of his cravat. "Anyhow, a great deal in her appearance is very nice. She has no country ways that I noticed particularly."

"Her dress is old-fashioned enough; an unavoidable evil, I suppose, though certainly less of a one than I expected. I am going to take her to Madame Dieden's to-morrow, Roswell, and get her something nice. Uncle Cromley will be furious, of course, but he sha'n't receive the bill for a month or two, and then—" Mrs. Leavitt finished this sentence in her own thoughts, presently adding: "You mustn't consider me a horrid manœuvrer, Roswell, when I tell you I am determined that Edmund and she shall like each other. Perhaps you have already guessed this intention on my part."

"Some such idea did vaguely suggest itself," answered Roswell, with an amused grimace.

"I believe that the whole thing would be a certainty if Ed were not so wild about that fast Dillinger woman. I wish her husband would challenge him. He just deserves it."

"Poor Dillinger would have his hands full if he were to treat all rivals so cavalierly. Suppose I should conceive the idea of putting a bullet into Frank Winslow."

"Don't be a wretch, Roswell. You know well enough that I never flirted with living man since my wedding day. Your jealousy of Frank Winslow is explainable by the fact of there having been a few more Boston buds than there were necessary in that bouquet he sent me for Mrs. Rathburn's German."

Miss Aimes was not conversational during dinner, though her host and hostess both did their agreeable best, and when, between eight and nine o'clock, Edmund made his appearance, Mrs. Leavitt met him in the hall with a very nervous demeanor that she attempted rather unsuccessfully to hide.

"She's here, Ed. Roswell is talking with her now, in the parlor. I'm afraid you'll be a little disappointed; that is, I think she feels tired to-night and isn't altogether at her best. But perhaps you can draw her out if you try."

"Of course I shall try," said Edmund placidly. "Do you know that I forgot the Godwins' theatre-party to-night when I promised you yesterday to come here? But I wrote them a brazen falsehood about my health this afternoon, just for the sake of obliging you. Do you mind telling me what Miss Eames looks like before I go up?"

"Aimes, Edmund. I'd rather let you judge for yourself. Roswell doesn't think her at all bad-looking."

It was very difficult for Mrs. Leavitt to tell what her brother thought on this same subject, however, for fully two hours after she had presented him to Angela. A prominent, influential, and frequent entertainer, Roswell Leavitt's wife numbered her male acquaintances by legions, and on this special evening she was the recipient of nearly a dozen visitors who came and went, came and went, through her hospitable drawing-room doors, all clad in the glories of full evening costume, a few grouping themselves about her popular husband, and a majority attracted by her more popular self, while tea and cakes made incidental appearances among the company, at short half-hours, from nine till eleven. And glancing now and then toward a distant sofa on which Edmund and Angela were seated together, Mrs. Leavitt could not but feel encouraged by the thought of how impervious her brother was showing himself to the attractions of all except one person's society. "He is so certain of success," she reflected, "provided he only wishes to gain it. I suppose that Angela is three-quarters in love already."

Angela rose from her seat on the sofa as soon as the room was vacant of visitors. Mr. Leavitt had gone to the club with one of those same visitors, and his wife stood near a basket of violets, stooping to enjoy their perfume, and seeming quite oblivious of a certain sofa, when Angela drew near her.

"I have just asked Mr. Johnston to excuse me, Cousin Sue," she said. "I am rather tired, and think that I will go up stairs, with your permission."

"Of course, my dear. Shall I go up with you? You don't need me? Very well. I shall stay down here, then, for a few moments' chat with Edmund."

"I hope you like her," were Mrs. Leavitt's first words to her brother, after Angela had gone.

Edmund was devoting himself to an insubordinate wrinkle in his spotless shirt-bosom. "She's very pleasant, Sue."

"Come, come, Edmund, let me hear the worst. You've had two good hours for decision. I'm not going to be snubbed, you know."

Angry looks were rare on Edmund Johnston's face; but something very like an angry look came over it now, as he answered in cold tones:

"I believe if that girl dreamed of all this she would leave the house by dawn. For my part, I think her scandalously imposed upon, and I've a great mind to make somebody tell her so in an anonymous note."

Mrs. Leavitt was not gifted with the sort of temper which stands much absolute wear and tear, and generally had taken the lead in all quarrels between herself and her brother; but Edmund's present ill-humor did not receive even a frown for answer. In fact, the sister's next words were sisterly to a fault, from the gentle voice in which they were spoken to the yielding smile that accompanied them.

"I was thinking, Ed, about Thursday evening. She is to go with me to the Bucklands', you know, and she doesn't dance. It would be very hard work to teach her by that time, I suppose. And no such instruction will be necessary if you agree to devote yourself."

"I can't. I'm engaged for the German that evening." Edmund was standing behind a table, making tattoos on one of the book-covers. "Why not let her remain at home? I know that she would very much rather remain."

But Mrs. Leavitt was of a different mind. She chose that the greater part of the attention which Angela received from her brother should be proffered when its bestowal would have the most flattering appearance. "I want her to go, Edmund," she said quietly. "Perhaps you can find a *little* time to be devoted during the evening, without treating your partner too rudely." Mrs. Leavitt knew almost to a certainty the name of the partner to whom she referred.

Before Edmund left that evening, he was informed by his sister that Roswell was to secure a box at Wallack's for the following night. "No one will go but Roswell and Angela and I," she said. "There will be an empty seat, you know, if you choose to drop in during the performance."

Edmund took his departure, however, without any affirmative promises on this subject. Angela's desire to see Central Park was gratified on the following morning by a drive thither, after nearly an hour had been passed in the society of Mrs. Leavitt's dressmaker. The young lady's spirits seemed to her hostess wonderfully brightened throughout this second day. "You are a different person from when you first came, Angela," Mrs. Leavitt said, as they sat at lunch together. "I'm almost inclined to believe that my brother Edmund had a large share last night in dissipating your home-sickness. Don't you think him very nice, by the way?"

"How 'nice,' Cousin Sue? In looks or in manners?"

"Both, my dear."

"Well, then, yes, I do. But the word nice seems a very queer one to express a human being's good points with. However, perhaps I've been living in too precise an atmosphere, as far as correct English is concerned. Uncle Cromley is so particular in those matters."

"This girl's rural brusquerie is something of a bore now and then," thought Mrs. Leavitt, sipping her chocolate. But aloud: "I'm glad you like Edmund. He spoke of you in the highest terms last night."

"Did he?" with a sort of fearless amazement in either of Angela's great eyes. "You make me wonder, Cousin Sue, how that could really have been. There was so little in common between us that I was kept perpetually at my wit's end what to say next. I was afraid, after going up stairs, that he would think I did altogether too much listening."

"Listening is a great accomplishment, my dear," laughed Mrs. Leavitt. "I suppose Edmund was pleased with your fresh, original ways."

"But I wasn't at all original." And Angela's gray eyes intensified her negative very earnestly.

"You are different, I mean, from the women whom he has been accustomed to meet. A novelty is agreeable to a man who has seen as much of human beings as Edmund has."

That evening Mr. and Mrs. Leavitt took their guest to Wallack's. Angela's appearance was by no means satisfactory to her hostess, as far as costume went; but the performance had not progressed a single act before the pleasure which it afforded lent sparkle to the girl's eyes and color to her cheeks, and made Roswell Leavitt exchange meaning glances with his wife. "I should like Edmund to come in and see her now," thought the sister of that absent gentleman; and not many moments afterward the door of the box opened for Edmund's entrance.

Although he seated himself at Angela's side, there was very little conversation between them until the next *entr'acte*, Miss Aimes evidently preferring what passed upon the stage just then to any other species of amusement. Poor Mrs. Leavitt was sadly worried behind that gracious smile of hers, to witness the simple unconcern with which her brother's flattering presence was greeted. But there was a chance, she reflected, that Edmund might be piqued into putting forth his best efforts before very long—he who had always been such an Alexander in the way of easy social victories; since whosoever Edmund chose to consider in the light of a new world to conquer, that fortunate being must pay his powers the tribute of prompt surrender.

It was quite late when Mrs. Leavitt's brother left her house this same night, having walked home from the theatre with Angela, and afterward occupied himself for fully an hour in that young lady's company; and therefore, on the following morning, between eleven and twelve, his sister felt greatly amazed to hear that he was waiting in the library.

When Mrs. Leavitt entered Angela's room to communicate these tidings, she found her guest in the act of directing a letter, for which Elizabeth, bonneted and shawled, was evidently waiting.

"You must excuse my not knocking, Angela dear, but the door was half open and I dropped ceremony. There is really no use in sending Elizabeth with that letter. I can just as well send one of my servants."

"Thanks," was Angela's reply, finishing the direction and handing the letter to Elizabeth. "You're very kind, Cousin Sue, but Elizabeth is going out now, and will get a stamp for it."

"To Uncle Cromley, I suppose," suggested Mrs. Leavitt. "You gave him my love, Angela?"

"I forgot it this time;" something like a faint blush following the words.

"Please remember, when you write again, my dear," said Mrs. Leavitt pleasantly. "And now I have to say that Edmund is waiting down stairs. Shall you care about seeing him?"

Elizabeth gave a little dry cough just as she was leaving the room. Somehow the sound seemed to annoy Mrs. Leavitt, a place in whose good graces Elizabeth had been unfortunate enough not to gain.

"I shall be most happy to see him," said Angela.

"Very well, my dear. It's lucky that Madame Dieden was so obliging as to send home your black silk this morning. I am going to ask you to put it on, and while I run down stairs for a little chat with Edmund, my maid Katrine can come in and make you a few suggestions about the minor details. Katrine has charming taste, you will find."

Shortly afterward Mrs. Leavitt and her brother had met in the library below stairs. "I need not say that I am very glad to see you," she began, speaking first. "Is your visit meant for Angela, by-the-way? Or have I committed an imprudence in mentioning Angela's name? I haven't forgotten how disagreeable you were on that subject night before last."

"I was a little ill-mannered," Edmund murmured, staring at one of his boots. "But when a man feels as I felt then, Sue, he sometimes behaves rather queerly." Mrs. Leavitt's brother was looking her straight in the face now, and speaking with low, rapid tones. "I suppose you will understand me without much further explanation."

"I hope that I already understand you, Edmund."

"I should judge so from your looks."

She was clasping his arm, after that, in a manner which bespoke positive excitement. "I am so glad! I could kiss you a dozen times!"

"Such gratitude would be quite unmerited," he replied, with a short laugh. "To tell the real truth, I entered your parlor that night without the least expectation of making you happy. It all occurred against my will. The girl is—"

"Well, Edmund? Why do you hesitate?"

"I don't hesitate. She is charming in every way. All things considered, Sue, I mean to marry her, if I can."

"If you can!" echoed Mrs. Leavitt, mirthfully scornful. "In the lexicon of such a youth as yours, Ed, depend upon it, there are no such words as matrimonial failure. My condition is simply beatific. Would it be unladylike if I jumped on a chair and waved something?"

"Very. Is Miss Angela to make her appearance this morning?"

"She is dressing, and will be down presently," said Mrs. Leavitt. But it was fully a quarter of an hour afterward when Angela entered the library; and then so great an outward change had been wrought in her that, to the feminine eyes of Mrs. Leavitt at least, she seemed another woman. The black silk, heavy, lustreless, and trimmed with rich lace, fitted her figure so as to make apparent its finest points of symmetry, and flowed floorward in lines of easy, pliant grace. Katrine's cunning fingers, too, had arranged her abundant yellow hair in a more serious complexity of prettiness than it had ever known before, and one whose style perfectly suited her oval-shaped face. Mrs. Leavitt repressed all signs of admiration, not caring to spoil so artistic an effect by anything like embarrassment; and presently, after Angela was seated, she seized the merest phantom of an opportunity for slipping from the room.

From that morning Mrs. Leavitt made every effort to obtain for Angela a thorough recognition among all her large circle of entertainment-giving acquaintances, and succeeded without difficulty. Since Edmund's mind was now connubially made up, she argued, the sooner the world became on visiting terms with the woman he had chosen the better for both himself and Angela. If Mrs. Leavitt had before suffered the most microscopic doubts as to the probability of some new admirer gaining the fortunate place which she so desired that her brother should occupy, such doubts were now placidly set at rest. Edmund was putting forth his full powers of fascination: *ergo*, Edmund's victory was certain. While Angela remained in New York, she should pass her time in one ceaseless whirl of gayety. Madam Dieden should receive orders for more dresses—dresses to go to receptions in, dresses to wear at dinner-parties, at balls, at the opera. Uncle Cromley's wrath was worth braving now, and Mrs. Leavitt determined courageously to defy it.

At the Bucklands's ball Edmund danced the German with Mrs. Dillinger—a certain showy, languid blonde, who was just then attracting much social attention—but made himself little opportunities of flattering about Angela, where she sat talking in a corner with one or two non-dancing males to whom Mrs. Leavitt had introduced her, looking awed and dazed by all the novel grandeur, but looking at the same time very noticeably pretty for this same reason. The consequence of such a course on Edmund's part was much uneasiness and annoyance on the part of Mrs. Dillinger; and before the end of the evening more than one pair of eyes were curiously directed toward Angela, the charmer who was exerting so destructive an influence upon Edmund's past fealty to his present partner. If Angela had only danced, Mrs. Leavitt reflected, she would have been a belle of the first grade; but even Edmund's preference was not powerful enough to surround her with any except non-dancing devotees. How was it possible that she should escape the doom of being a wall-flower, confessedly unavailable for the German, and with her heiress-ship yet a secret?

But Mrs. Leavitt soon learned that notwithstanding these two serious obstacles, society was quick to discover certain powerful attractions in her guest. It may have been the mere fact that Angela was Mrs. Leavitt's guest which first induced people to treat her civilly; but not a few of those who approached her by reason of such powerful recommendation were afterward loud in her praise from a cause wholly different. "Her artless, candid ways are as fresh as a buttercup," Mrs. Leavitt was informed by a certain young gentleman who set a high value upon his opinions. "But, after all, it isn't only that which makes her so charming. It is her delicious indifference besides—an indifference which she skilfully tries to conceal, failing just enough to pique the self-love of every man who talks with her."

There was one man, however, Mrs. Leavitt felt well assured, whose self-love was suffering no such annoyance. That man was her brother Edmund, now become the most prominent of all Angela's admirers for frequence and earnestness of attention. It was easy to see that Edmund had gained, in little more than a week, the first place, and was holding his vantage well against all possible intrusion.

One morning, a little while after breakfast, Angela surprised her hostess by saying:

"I shall have been here a whole fortnight the day after to-morrow, Cousin Sue. That, you know, was to be the extent of my visit."

Mrs. Leavitt laid down her newspaper a little nervously. "Nonsense, Angela! You can't possibly believe that I intend sparing you inside of at least two weeks longer. If so, my dear, you make a grand mistake."

"But I cannot stay one day over the time agreed upon." The words rang firm even to rudeness, though an instant later Angela had added: "Excuse my being so decided, but I really must go, Cousin Sue. Uncle Cromley has been miserable without me. He said so in his last letter."

It was on the end of Mrs. Leavitt's tongue to express herself quite indignantly regarding Uncle Cromley's selfishness: but certain after-considerations prevented the words from being spoken. "I am very sorry," she said presently. "I shall miss you so much, you know! Of course, however, if your decision is unalterable"—and Mrs. Leavitt smiled her sweetest smile as a termination of the sentence."

An hour later she had written and sent a little note to her brother. Edmund answered it in person about twelve o'clock that morning.

"Did my news startle you?" were Mrs. Leavitt's first words, meeting her brother in the library.

"Not at all," was Edmund's quiet answer.

"You knew, then, that she was going so soon?"

"She told me last night at the French opera."

A slight silence. "I hope, Edmund, that you intend acting promptly upon the intelligence, so to speak. You must understand her character by this: she is a girl who takes hardly anything for granted. It will be necessary to meet her on her own grounds, you know—candor for candor—this one time, at least."

Edmund laughed lightly, looking away from his sister. "You still think my chances as favorable as ever, Sue?" he asked.

"Pshaw, Ed! The girl just adores you."

"I hope so."

"I am sure. Would you like to see her for a little while before lunch?"

Brother and sister looked each other steadily in the eyes for a moment. "Yes," said Edmund, carelessly.

Mrs. Leavitt understood. "I will send her down," she murmured, quitting the room.

Angela had not been in the library five minutes before Mrs. Leavitt came gliding softly through the lower hall, pausing at the half-shut library door. Truth to tell, Mrs. Leavitt had just undergone a little struggle with temptation, forth from which she had not come completely victorious. It must be said to the lady's credit, however, that she was now playing eavesdropper for the first time in her life, and that she had solemnly determined to withdraw herself the instant Edmund's happiness was made an undoubted certainty.

"And so you haven't been induced to change your mind," Edmund was now saying. "Sue tells me that you have lately acquainted her with the sad tidings."

An easy laugh from Angela. "You are very good to call them so—that is, Mr. Johnston, if you refer to the tidings of my intended departure."

"Of course. Has the fortnight seemed long to you?"

Angela's reply came lingeringly. "I must say that it has seemed very long."

"Which means that you have not enjoyed yourself, I suppose."

"Pray, don't suppose it. I did not think, during the first few days of my visit, to do anything except weary for its end; but now all that is changed, you know. I hated at first to be liked by people merely because I was Cousin Sue's visitor and she was a kind of great lady. Latterly, however, the very vain conviction has come upon me that I am of some social value on my own account; and perhaps altogether for this reason I have found the past week enjoyable."

Edmund's voice was low and soft as he answered:

"You might have spared yourself much annoyance by communicating this impression to me when we first became acquainted. I could have eased your mind, perhaps, with the real truth concerning what you call your social value."

"How could that have been possible before you knew me well?"

"Do I know you well now? Sometimes I think not. Sometimes it occurs to me that in spite of all your frankness there is something hidden about you even yet. But of course you are at liberty to conceal what you please from one who possesses no real right of inquiry."

"How charmingly he slips into it," thought Mrs. Leavitt, smiling to herself. "I doubt if Sir Walter Raleigh knew how to make love half as well as Ed does."

There was silence now in the library, broken only by a faint, nervous laugh from Angela. Presently Edmund began again. "Because I speak of not possessing the right to know you thoroughly, have I reason for feeling disheartened by any future prospect of not owning that right? Surely not, Angela." And then his tones were tender exceedingly. "I hope that you will grant me many sweet rights before long, since I love you dearly, and want you to be my wife."

For a thorough appreciation of what followed it will be necessary to surpass Mrs. Leavitt in boldness, and enter the library. Just as the word "wife" was leaving Edmund's lips, Angela, with two burning spots of color upon her cheeks, had leaned forward and touched her companion's arm in an impulsive, forbidding way. Her eyes, full of clear, eager light, met his astonished face steadily. When she spoke, her voice, however, was by no means firm.

"I am very sorry to hear you speak like that, Mr. Johnston. You will admit, of course, that I have done nothing to—to lead you on. It is so surprising; but a great deal more painful, I'm sure."

"What is surprising, Miss Angela, and what is painful?" Edmund asked his question with thorough calmness.

A very troubled frown settled on Angela's forehead. "Dear me! poor Uncle Cromley is to blame for the whole thing. If you had known, I suppose you wouldn't have fallen in love, for you *are* really in love, aren't you?" the frown becoming much deeper now, and a look of compassion mingling with it which might have been, under some circumstances, highly amusing to Angela's observer. "I must tell you without losing another moment, Mr. Johnston, that I've been engaged for nearly three months, and to somebody I am very, very fond of. Uncle Cromley was quite sick last summer, and during his illness I met Dr. Maxwell every day, and we are to be married in the coming spring. When Cousin Sue first wrote me on the subject of this visit, I confess frankly that I felt altogether too much in love to think of accepting her invitation. But on second thought I decided to do so. Dr. Maxwell was very willing to endure the separation, but Uncle Cromley persisted in opposing my departure until I had agreed to keep my engagement a thorough secret, and to receive all my letters in envelopes directed by himself, so that Cousin Sue should suspect nothing. As a reason for this odd requirement, he gave the fact of Cousin Sue's gay metropolitan life, different from my own in every respect. She would be apt, he said, to try and dissuade me from any such debasing marriage as that with a mere country doctor; which was very cynical and unkind in Uncle Cromley, and which I can only explain as the absurd whim of an old man, for he must have seen long ago that nothing could ever change the love I bear George Maxwell, and that my future husband is worthy to challenge comparison with any one whom I might afterward meet. It was because George understood and trusted me so well. I think, that he never thought of opposing my visit here; and we both laughed together over Uncle Cromley's strange opinions while I was considering whether to act in accordance with them. It was wrong for me to have done so—very wrong indeed."

"It was vilely deceitful!" cried a voice in the doorway.

Edmund sprang to his feet, pale as marble. "Sue," he said sternly, "I hate to believe that you have been listening!"

But Mrs. Leavitt seemed quite oblivious of her brother. These pages have already suggested that Mrs. Leavitt was capable of occasionally showing rather a formidable temper; few women, indeed, who find themselves compassed, at the age of twenty-eight, with such absolute social allegiance as had fallen to her share, and are at the same time regnant so imperially in a domestic sense, altogether master the art of uniform self-control. At present it must be chronicled of Mrs. Leavitt that she was in an ungovernable passion. Her remarks to poor Angela were somewhat after the following wise:

"I regret ever having asked you here, and I consider your refusal of Edmund the most horrid impertinence. The idea of my brother, the handsomest and most popular man in town, being refused by a silly country girl because of some low, ridiculous attachment! Many a woman, far your superior, would have given worlds to have him for a husband. I want you to leave my house at once, and never enter it again. I detest you! I—"

Mrs. Leavitt had got thus far in her tirade when Edmund grasped her arm very forcibly indeed. "I blush for you," he said. "Your words are as mortifying to me as they are insolent to her." Then, turning toward Angela: "Miss Aimes, I beg that you will not stay in this room a moment longer."

But Angela was already leaving it, her pale face wearing rather a shocked than a frightened look. Hurrying up stairs to her own room, she found Elizabeth there.

"Elizabeth!"

"Yes, miss."

"We are going home by the next train. You must hurry to the depot and find out when that train starts, and leave an order to have our trunks called for. Mind hasten back as quickly as possible. I shall do all the packing I can while you are gone."

Less than two hours afterward Angela passed down stairs with Elizabeth. Her hand was on the knob of the hall door, when Mrs. Leavitt entered the hall from the library. Her face was quite colorless, and her eyes red as if from tears.

"Stop a moment, Angela," she said, with some agitation in her voice. "I have an apology to make, if you will accept it. I hardly remember what I said this morning, but Edmund tells me it was very dreadful, and that I should ask your pardon. Will you pardon me? I should have come to your room, but I have been having a sort of hysterical attack, and am only just feeling strong again."

"I pardon you willingly," said Angela, taking Mrs. Leavitt's offered hand.

That was all. The two women did not speak another word to each other, and no kiss was exchanged between them. Angela had been thinking a great deal while she packed her trunk up stairs. Perhaps it was rather the result of those thoughts which gave her mouth its present hard, compressed look, than any recollection of how she had been called a silly country girl, who had formed a low, ridiculous attachment. She could have overlooked the fact of Mrs. Leavitt's sisterly pride being wounded, doubtless, and almost have sympathized with her rude indignation at Edmund's refusal; but it was not so easy to overlook the suspected formation of certain sisterly plans conceived before she and Edmund had ever met.

Angela's mouth grew soft, however, when Mrs. Leavitt's brother entered the hall.

"I am going to walk with you to the depot," said Edmund quietly. "That is, if you will let me."

"Certainly," said Angela.

Edmund's farewells were spoken a moment before the car started in which he had found seats for Angela and Elizabeth. They were very friendly farewells, but not at all lover-like, as Elizabeth, who watched them primly, and a little grimly also, might have testified.

There are some men who feel an impulse to joke when they are suffering. Edmund Johnston was a man of this sort. Standing on the platform as Angela's car was drawn jinglingly from the depot, he felt that the one woman whom he had ever loved with deep, real love was perhaps dividing even her presence from his life for all future time; and yet he said, a sort of smile on his lips:

"Remember me to *Dr.* Maxwell."

Old Elizabeth heard, and seemed much startled. Angela blushed and smiled at first; but presently she grew sad-eyed, and remained so for at least a few miles of her homeward journey.—*Galaxy.*

WONDERFUL ESCAPE ON A RAILWAY.

A really wonderful escape from being cut to pieces occurred on an English line of railway, a week or two ago. A young man employed by the London and Northeastern Company as coke filler at a certain station was returning home from work, when he jumped upon the step of a passing goods engine, to ride to a certain crossing, a few hundred yards southward. In the darkness he was unobserved by the driver, who, therefore, did not slacken up for him to get down and thus, owing to the impetus of the engine, he was not able to bring up, when he leaped off, until he had run into the fore-foot of the next line of rails. Scarcely had his foot touched the ground, when a down train came up at a speed of fully twelve miles an hour, and before he could escape he was struck by the front of the engine and thrown face downwards between the rails, where he lay until the entire train—in which there were nearly a score of wheels—passed over his prostrate body without touching it. Beyond a few slight bruises and scratches, he found himself none the worse for his hairbreath escape.

☞ A man in Missouri recently, by mistake, ran away with his own wife. She was disguised in a fancy ball-room costume, and he did not recognize her for some time.

☞ A worthy citizen of Washington, hearing a singular clatter in his baronial hall about four o'clock one morning, repaired to the spot and discovered his eldest daughter, attired in her robe de chambre and wrapped in the arms of Morpheus, dancing with the hat-rack. When he wonderingly asked the terpsichorean somnambulist what she was doing, she breathlessly answered, "I can give you the last quarter of the Danube; the other three are engaged."

☞ A Detroit man who moved into a building which had been occupied by a side-show, had the proud satisfaction of bruising the head of a twelve-feet anaconda that had been left in the cellar.

☞ In Havana, on Easter morning, the whole scene of the resurrection of the Saviour is enacted in the streets, by persons dressed in character.

☞ A Western writer describes a Dolly Varden dress as an animated old-fashioned window curtain thrown over a red brick wall.

☞ "Buy your vaccine virus here," says an apothecary window in New York, "our calf is a great deal sicker than that of any other establishment."

☞ A physician in New York expresses the opinion that small-pox may be spread by the circulation of old soiled and greasy bank bills and therefore urges the banks to issue new bills as fast as they can be prepared.

☞ A Nantucket storekeeper advertises for sale "Quart bowls, of all sorts and sizes; ninepence apiece, and various prices."

☞ Col. King, of Texas, has a snug little farm of 84,133 acres, whereon are pastured 55,000 horned cattle, 11,000 horses, 7,000 sheep, and 8,000 goats.

☞ When Achille Murat settled down on a plantation in Jefferson county, Florida, it was said that one morning, while, with coat off, he was washing his face on the piazza, plantation fashion, a "cracker" rode up on a mule and accosted him with, "Stranger, they say that's a king living about here somewhar, and I've come ten miles jest a purpose to see him. Whar mought he be?" "Why," says the prince, I must be the man they mean." "What! you a king?" exclaimed the cracker; "a gol durned purty looking king you ar! Why, stranger, I could rough a better looking king out'n a pine stump, with a club axe;" and so saying, he moved off in disgust.

☞ "God made us men" was inscribed upon a wagon filled with women at the Fifteenth Amendment jubilee in Louisville.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

☞ Fashionable railroad lunch—"De pot pie."

☞ Café de Jonks is a pretty name for an oyster-house kept by William Jenkins.

☞ Wisconsin boasts of a horned frog which can turn a double back somersault and catch a brick in his teeth at ten paces.

☞ The young ladies of a Connecticut town object to being called "Great Plain girls."

☞ A coffin is to be raffled for at Milton, N. C.

☞ Spell bound—children at school.

☞ Illinois comes to the front with a baby without any breast-bone.

☞ In Chicago the bill-stickers are so energetic that they go into the barbers' shops and paste handbills on the soles of the boots of those customers who are under the hands of the man of the razor.

☞ A lady of Rochester, Minn., has obtained a patent for a fan, to be attached to a sewing machine, and operated by the same power.

☞ A Vermont editor is not proud, and frankly tells a fair inquirer that he does not know why a Dolly Varden dress is so named.

☞ There is a time for all things. The time to "leave" is when a young lady asks you how the walking is.

☞ A man out West, who offered bail for a friend, was asked by the Judge if he had any incumbrance on his farm. "Oh, yes, my old woman," said he.

☞ An advertisement in the Allentown Chronicle reads: "If the middle-aged party who spoke to a young lady at Centre Square in a blue bonnet will call upon her brother, he will find something to his advantage meet his eye. Address Pugilisticus, Box 1001."

☞ A dandy observed that he had put a plate of brass upon his boots to keep him upright. "Well balanced, by jing!" said a Dutchman, "prass at both ends."

☞ Barnum announces that "300 employés will be embraced" in his circus and museum. A St. Louis editor wishes to be put down for one, the beautiful Circassian.

☞ Sammy read Charles XII. "Charles cross-eyes," and when laughed at, was sure he couldn't see any fun in having two of them.

☞ There is a woman in Springfield, Mass., who is determined not to be cheated. She purchased a spool of cotton at a dry goods store the other day, and insisted on having the clerk unwind and measure it, to make sure it did not fall below 200 yards. If this were to become a general practice, cotton thread would be up in price, or the sale of it would surely become unprofitable.

☞ H. G. says this is the best season for pruning hat-trees; entry thieves are skillful at the business.

☞ An Iowa husband is after a divorce because one of his bride's old lovers kissed her during the honeymoon. He considered it too cheeky.

☞ There is a Total Abstinence Society, it appears, in France, as it displays near the wine shops pictures of the human stomach as burned by absinthe. The wine shops also have their cartoons exhibiting the hideous state of the stomachs of teetotalers—more dreadful in an artistic point of view.

☞ The most stupendous canal in the world is one in China, which passes over two thousand miles, and to forty-two cities; it was commenced as far back as the tenth century.

☞ A lucky San Francisco man bought an old trunk for six bits (seventy-five cents) and found in it several moss agates, worth $75, and an amethyst valued at $200.

☞ An Illinois legislator called for a veal culvert the other day at a Springfield hotel.

☞ According to the San Francisco News Letter the Indians have become so peaceable, it is hard to tell an Apache from a white; the only difference being that the latter has no scalp and the former has two.

☞ "I allurs wears buckskin mits," observed an aged denizen of New Hampshire the other day, as he was trying on a pair in a store. "They is as comfortable like as ennything to the hand, and save botherin' with a han'kerchi'f."

Keep the Hair Unblemished.—"I am like an old hemlock—withered at the top," said a venerable Indian Chief, pointing to his thin and bleaching locks. Thousands of men and women in civilized society, much younger than the old Sagamore, are like him, "withered at the top," simply because they have neglected to use the means of preserving and beautifying the hair which science had placed at their disposal. If LYON'S KATHAIRON be faithfully applied once or twice a day to the fibers and the scalp, it is just as impossible that the hair should decay, wither, fall out or become harsh and fuzzy, as that a meadow, duly refreshed with nightly dews and sunlit rains, should become arid and barren of green blades. This matchless preparation not only keeps the hair alive and the skin of the head in a healthy and clean condition, but actually multiplies the filaments and imparts to them a lustre, flexibility and wavy beauty unattainable by any other mode of treatment. It does not, like the metallic and sulphurous hair dyes, dry up the natural moisture of the scalp, but supplies nutriment to the roots of the hair and vigor to the fibers.

☞ Mr. Greeley writes to a confectioner in Boston, that in making calves-foot jelly the Durham breed should always be selected. Take a live calf, place the hind feet in a corn mill, and then commence to turn, and the jelly will flow out in its crude state. Collect this in a pan, and throw away the calf.

Rupture.—We again call the attention of all afflicted with Hernia to the easy and effectual remedy afforded by the Elastic Truss. The high commendation it is receiving from all quarters shows how readily this invention (so complete and so much needed) will supersede all torturing metal instruments. We advise all sufferers to send for a descriptive circular to The Elastic Truss Co., No. 683 Broadway, New York.
ap27-12t

☞ An Illinois editor sent to another, who had refused to exchange with him, a paper bearing this inscription: "Exchange or go to ——." The editor thus addressed replied: "I will do neither, for I don't want your paper in this world, nor your company in the next."

Symptoms of Liver Complaint, and of some of the Diseases produced by it.

A sallow or yellow color of skin, or yellowish brown spots on face and other parts of the body; dullness and drowsiness with frequent headache; dizziness, bitter or bad taste in mouth, dryness of throat and internal heat; palpitation, in many cases a dry teasing cough, with sore throat, unsteady appetite, raising of food, choking sensation in throat; distress, heaviness, or bloated or full feeling about stomach and sides, pain in sides, back or breast, and about shoulders; colic, pain and soreness through bowels, with heat; constipation alternating with frequent attacks of diarrhœa; piles, flatulence, nervousness, coldness of extremities; rush of blood to head, with symptoms of apoplexy, numbness of limbs, especially at night; cold chills alternating with hot flashes, kidney and urinary difficulties; female weakness, dullness, low spirits, unsociability and gloomy forebodings. Only few of above symptoms likely to be present at one time. All who use Dr. Pierce's Alt. Ext. or Golden Medical Discovery for Liver Complaint and its complications are loud in its praise. Sold by all first class Druggists. 3t67.

Beware of Fictitious Flavoring Extracts. Try Burnett's. Go to the dealer who has them.

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sends his "Family Physician" 90 pages, free by mail to any one. This book is to make any one their own doctor. Remedies are given for Thirty Diseases, which each person can prepare.

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For Moth Patches, Freckles & Tan

Use PERRY'S MOTH & FRECKLE LOTION. The well known reliable and harmless remedy for Removing Brown Discolorations of the Face.

Depot, 49 Bond Street, New York. Sold by every Druggist in Philadelphia, and elsewhere. mh30-3m

SKIN DISEASES.

PERRY'S IMPROVED COMEDONE AND PIMPLE REMEDY.—The Skin Medicine of the Age. Is warranted to cure Flesh Worms, Pimply Eruptions, and Blotched Disfigurations of the Face.

Prepared only by Dr. B. C. Perry, Dermatologist, 49 Bond Street, New York. Sold by Druggists everywhere. mh30-3m

PROSPECTUS FOR 1872.

THE LADY'S FRIEND.

REDUCTION OF PRICE!

SPLENDID STORIES.

The publishers of THE LADY'S FRIEND have concluded to reduce its price to single subscribers from $2.50 to $2—the prices to Clubs (already very low) remaining the same.

They shall continue to obtain for their readers the very best novelets, stories, poetry, etc., that can be procured, including articles from the gifted pens of Miss Amanda M. Douglas, Miss A. L. Muzzey, Daisy Ventnor, August Bell, Mrs. Margaret Hosmer, A. M. Dana, Madge Carroll, Emma B. Ripley, Nora Perry, M. C. Pyle, Ida Rowland, etc., etc., etc.

The following novelets, with the usual variety of short stories, are announced for 1872:

WITHIN THE MAZE;

OR,

LADY ANDINNIAN'S TRIAL.

By MRS. HENRY WOOD, author of "East Lynne," "Dene Hollow," &c.

UNA AND HER LIONS.
By MISS A. L. MUZZEY, author of "One Woman's Experience," "Jealousy," etc.

QUEEN COQUETTA.
By DAISY VENTNOR, author of "Prince Charming," etc., etc.

ONLY A WISH.
By A. M. DANA, author of "Jarring Chords," etc., etc.

MISSION WORK.
By Mrs. MARGARET HOSMER, author of "A Turn in Fortune's Wheel," etc., etc.

AN EVERY-DAY HEROINE.
By AMANDA M. DOUGLAS, author of "Solid Silver," "A Little Money," etc.

ENGRAVINGS!

The Engravings of THE LADY'S FRIEND are of a very superior character. They embrace beautiful pictures of subjects which touch the sentiments and affections, illustrations of our Novelets and Stories, illustrations of the Fashions, (including cuts from which patterns for almost everything can be ordered at a low price,) illustrations of Ladies' Fancy work, etc.

MUSIC.

A piece of the latest and most fashionable Music accompanies every number. The Music is of itself worth the price of the magazine.

The Most Refined, Beautiful, and Interesting of the Magazines!

In short, THE LADY'S FRIEND aims to be, and its proprietors think it is, the most refined, Beautiful, and Interesting of the Magazines—*bring in Cover, Engravings, and Contents just what a lady's magazine should be.*

TERMS—Always in Advance.

One Copy, - - - - - $2.00.
1 Copy of the Lady's Friend ($2) and 1 of The Saturday Evening Post ($2.50), for $4.00.

[Our club terms are the same as those of that old and popular paper, THE SATURDAY EVENING POST—in order that the clubs may be made up of the magazine and paper conjointly when so desired.]

☞ The magazines or papers in a club will be sent to different Post-offices, if desired.

☞ The contents of THE LADY'S FRIEND and of THE POST will always be entirely different.

☞ Subscribers in British North America must remit *twelve cents extra*, as we have to prepay the U. S. postage.

☞ Remittances should be made, if possible, in Post-office Orders, or in Drafts or Checks, *payable to our order.*

Address DEACON & PETERSON,
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Single Numbers 20 Cts. Specimen Copies (not current numbers) 15 Cts.

R. R. R.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

Cures the worst pains in from one to twenty minutes. Not one hour after reading this advertisement need any one suffer with pain. **Radway's Ready Relief** is a cure for every pain. It was the first and is the only pain remedy that instantly stops the most excruciating Pains, allays Inflammation, and cures Congestions, whether of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels, or other glands or organs, by one application, in from one to twenty minutes, no matter how violent or excruciating the pain, the Rheumatic, Bed-Ridden, Infirm, Crippled, Nervous, Neuralgic, or prostrated with disease, may suffer. Price 50 cents.

DR. RADWAY'S
Perfect Purgative Pills.

Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated, for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Bilious Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all derangements, of the Internal Viscera. Warranted to effect a Positive Cure.

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The True Grounds of Confidence.

Whence comes that firm reliance, that absolute, undoubting faith in the efficacy of HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS as a remedy for indigestion, bilious disorders, intermittent and remittent fevers, which notoriously prevail in all parts of the United States? This confidence has been growing for twenty years, and it is still extending. It is not the result of credulity; it has not been engendered by any human device, but is the spontaneous and natural consequence of experience. What people see daily going on under their own eyes they cannot question. When families in unhealthy districts that resort to this wholesome vegetable tonic, as a preventive, escape periodical fevers, and their immediate neighbors, who neglect this precaution, are prostrated by the disease, how is it possible that the phenomenon should be without its lesson? In like manner when it is seen that obstinate cases of dyspepsia, of liver complaint, of constipation, of nervous weakness, and of general debility, yield to the operation of the famous remedy, how can even incredulity itself withhold its endorsement? Eye-witnesses of the salutary effects of the Bitters are to be found in every civilized settlement on this continent. The thousands upon thousands who owe their restoration to health and strength, or their preservation from sickness, to its extraordinary medicinal properties, are enthusiastic in its praise. The multitudes who recommend it in a neighborly way to their friends and acquaintances, as well as those who make public their estimate of its virtues, are always ready to state their reasons for the faith that is in them. They have all either felt or witnessed its beneficent operations. ap6-1m

THE

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, APRIL 27, 1872.

TERMS---Always in Advance.

One Copy, - - - $2.50
One copy of the Saturday Evening Post ($2.50) and One of the Lady's Friend ($3.00) for $4.00.

☞ Subscribers in British North America must remit *twenty cents extra*, as we have to prepay the U. S. postage.

☞ The papers or magazines in a club will be sent to different Post-offices, if desired.

☞ Additions may be made to clubs—but the new subscriptions must begin and end at the same time as the original club.

☞ The contents of THE POST and of THE LADY'S FRIEND will always be entirely different.

☞ Remittances should be made, if possible, in Post-office Orders, or in Drafts or Checks *payable to our order*.

Address H. PETERSON & CO.,
No. 319 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

SINGLE COPIES 6 Cents.

PLAYING WITH EDGE TOOLS.

It is not uncommon to find persons in private life who plume themselves on their powers of sarcasm and ridicule. Having won a reputation for saying sharp and biting things, they think with Artemus Ward, whose early death we still deplore, that they are "nothing if not sarcastical." The Letters of Junius are the gospel which this class of men and women delight in. In this armory of rebuke, censure and invective, they find ready at hand the weapons they love to brandish, to the terror of all simple-hearted and the disapproval of all charitable people. True it is that many vices of society, many abuses that creep into the body politic, are best assailed and removed by exposure to public derision and censure. The letters aforesaid were directed against national wrongs, against civic wickedness in high places, and were most effective in reforming the evils they attacked so vigorously. But in the privacy of domestic life, in the sanctity of home, these swords should be turned into ploughshares, these spears into pruning hooks, that nothing may hurt or destroy in all the holy inclosure that fences us in from the howling wilderness of the great, rough world.

Few of us who have seen the magnificent cases of instruments used by our surgeons during the war can refrain from the most unqualified admiration of their perfect polish, the razor smoothness of their edge, the requisite adaptedness of each implement to perform the work for which it is designed. With equal wonder have we watched the amazing skill, the untrembling hand, the deft manipulations witnessed within the curtains of those tents in the rear of the battle-field, and thought that a surgeon was greater than a king. But would we not shudder to sit down at table with these accomplished disciples of Galen and see them carve the roast with those same bright blades that on another theatre won them such honor? Shall we use a surgeon's saw to separate a ham bone? shall we employ a probe when a pair of tweezers will do the work?

"They that take the sword shall perish by the sword." Those who use severe and censorious language for the mere pleasure of wounding or of giving vent to their distempered hearts, must expect retribution in like measure. The biting retort is never hurled back in return for words of love and gentleness. The harsh reply is not given in exchange for the sympathetic expression. By our firesides we want "no books that are not tales of love, no friends that are not lovers," at least none that do not minister to that which ennobles and enriches human life and quickens the love of whatever is immortal. When we remember how one touch of the frosty finger can in a moment unclench our grasp and seal up the book of our lives, how careful should we be that no unkindly act, no tart answer, no cold estimate, no baseless rumor, no unjust judgment blot the pages! Beside the coffin how unavailing every regret, how every little act looms up "clothed in white samite," solemn under the weight of the Great Shadow!—*N. Y. Tribune.*

LONG DRESSES.

"Do use your influence against such a fashion as *that*," said a lady to us the other day. We turned in the direction indicated; a pretty-looking woman, neatly and tastefully attired in every detail that appertained to the upper part of her person—dainty lace, fresh ribbons, nicely fitting gloves—but her rich silk dress was trailing in the dirty street. There had been rain the day before, and several inches of the skirt were discolored with mud. "How can any one who is really neat wear such a garment as that?" continued the lady. "Fancy the stockings beneath, receiving all that is gathered up by that train! Such a dress, after being dragged over filthy pavements, is not fit to be kept on a moment in the house; and what a task to clean it sufficiently even to go into the streets again!" The most sensible fashion women have had for years is the short walking dress, convenient and cleanly. And we believe that one and all would regret any innovation in street dresses which would force upon them a garment which must trail through mud and filth. It seems impossible that ladies, pure, delicate, and dainty, can endure the thought even of the contamination that must gather on these back-trailing dresses. It is simply disgusting. Long skirts should be confined to the house and carriage. Women of good sense, with a love of purity and comfort, may well oppose any fashion that necessarily entails impurity and discomfort. Better resume the old style of long dresses, which could be looped or held up, than those that are just long enough to sweep all horrible dirt in a continuous stream upon shoes and stockings and under-garments.

Pauline Markham.

We see that Miss Pauline Markham, the actress, has published a card in which she denies utterly the statement recently made by the "Philadelphia Press," and copied from that paper by us, relative to her broken-down health and unfortunate condition generally. She says:—"Myself and *confreres* are, nightly or daily, as we may happen to appear, drawing full houses, and I never seem to miss an *encore*. I never felt more competent to please, nor more healthy than at present." We are glad to find the writer of the article was mistaken.

How Burke Fixed the Rowdies in the House of Commons.

Burke once made an attack upon the Civil List, and while he was speaking he was several times noisily interrupted by some official of the royal household, who every now and then reminded him of his duty to the King. At last Burke paused in the flow of his speech and declared he perfectly understood it to be his duty to honor the King, but he did not thereby feel himself constrained "to honor the King's man-servant, his maid-servant, his ox, and"—fixing his eyes upon the obnoxious intruder—"his ass!"

☞ How greatly the world would be benefitted by unlimited facilities for transportation and exchange of goods is shown by the fact that, while the people of Persia are starving by tens of thousands, the inhabitants of some of our Western states are burning corn in their stoves in place of coal.

THE BOAT-HORN.

Oh! list the boat-horn's wild refrain,
O'er eve's still waters stealing clear;
So softly sweet, so sad a strain
Ne'er woke before to charm the ear.
From out the past it brings once more,
As waking echoes of a dream,
The tree-clad hills, the isles and shore,
Of wild Ohio's winding stream.

Out on the wave while sweeping down,
The boatman trod his little deck,
And dreamed, while lay his all around,
Of strange adventure, storm and wreck.
That strain he wound his way to cheer
In dewy eve and golden morn;
The startled Indian paused to hear,
In echoes sweet, that simple horn.

He came, rough courier of the men,
The thronging thousands pressing on,
With axes ringing in the glen,
And camps the gleaming hills upon.
Gone are the forests, gone the race,
The dusky shadows of the shore;
The hum of busy life keeps pace
To music of the steamer's roar.

Oh! boatman, wind thy horn again,
The simple music of the heart;
What memories live along its strain,
And into being softly start.
The wood-crowned hills, the isles, the stream,
In sweetest musings wide expand,
I see as in a summer's dream
The romance of my native land.

ENFORCED SPONTANEITY.

BY GAIL HAMILTON.

Husbands and wives should have no secrets from each other; so the marriage manuals say, bidding the young husband and wife lay it down as the first law of their new life, and counting its violation as the fatal stumbling-block in the royal road to lasting bliss. Undoubtedly there is a truth somewhere in the vicinity of such a precept; but this precept is by no means the way to it. It rather lies in the way of it. The consequence of spontaneity is the true gold; confidence under authority is but a spurious and worthless thing. When Arabella's John moved into her sitting-room, horse, foot, and dragoons, because he could not live away from her, she had gained a victory; but if, when she had found his library-door locked, she had raved and staved it in, and made such an ado that he never dared look it again, she would, indeed, have secured a certain communism, but there would have been no increase of domestic happiness. She would have gained her point, but she would have lost everything that the point involved. I, who know all about how everything should be done in earth and heaven, and especially how it should be done in earth as it is in heaven—I should rather say to my young lovers: Do not be in haste to cast out your drag-net. Respect, above all things, each other's individuality. Regard inviolably the limits of each other's being. If you suspect that your friend—husband or wife—has a secret from you, be not disturbed nor solicitous to wrest it from him. On the contrary, make it easy and natural to retain its exclusive possession without suspicion or observation. Give him ample opportunity to make his life as separate and secluded as he chooses, and give yourself solely to being so considerate, comprehensive, sympathetic and discreet that you shall gradually grow into his second, his better self; that he shall have no inclination to withhold anything from you; that he shall instinctively turn to you in every new experience, with every fresh plan, conjecture or fancy, as the planet turns to the sun, not to pay you any compliment of consultation, or to fulfil any duty of contract, but because your thought has become his, and he does not know how a matter lies in his own mind till he sees how it lies in yours. But this kingdom cometh not by violence. If you start in life with a determination, where is found space for spontaneity? If you resolve that you will have no secret from your friend, where is the pleasure of your outpouring trust? If you are bound by an oath to confidence, how can your friend tell whether every fresh revelation is the product of a freshly springing love or the penalty of a dead and burdensome oath? The marriage contract is but a sort of title-deed to two contiguous estates. It vests the ownership of the two in the two proprietors, fencing them in from all other claimants, and forbidding them to lay claim to any other fields. But this is all. It does not prescribe how these estates shall be cultivated, or whether they shall be cultivated at all. Whether they shall grow corn or wine, or thorns and thistles, depends upon the individual owners almost as much as before they became joint owners. If they choose to unite their forces they can become far richer than either could alone. But their power to blight each other is as greatly increased as their power to bless. Their union gives them neither wealth nor happiness, only the opportunity for both. Possession depends upon themselves, and is the slow growth of time.

On the other hand, I, who am always right, reproach other Mentors, who may sometimes be wrong, for saying so much to married people about the necessity of adapting themselves to each other. Dissimilarity enough of tastes, habits and manners does, indeed, exist to give rise to such exhortations, but the real source of trouble often lies too far back for any forced adaptation to be able to remove. Adapt yourself, if you must, but it is poor business at best, and you will never make any great figure at it. The question that presents itself to the ingenuous mind is, why did you marry each other unless you were already adapted? From what we read we should sometimes fancy that uncongeniality and unfitness were the natural conditions of marriage, and that its great object was the discipline of two individuals by forcing their jarring natures into harmony. But marriage is really, or ought to be, the union of two natures already consonant. It is true that people are so hasty, thoughtless and crude that they will risk the happiness of their whole lives on a short and superficial acquaintance, on a slight and passing attraction; and when they are suffering the consequence of their weakness in family discord and personal discomfort, when the charm of novelty has given way to the repulsion of ill-temper, when the graceful languor is seen to have been but the mask of a disgraceful laziness, when the brusqueness of honest manhood has degenerated into a heartless roughness, there is little use in saying what ought to have been. No resource remains but to make the best of a bad state of things. But let us not refuse to recognize that it is a bad state of things. Let us not attempt to shield ourselves from the responsibility of our own haste, or folly, or short-sightedness by assuming that this is the necessary lot, and exhort young people to prepare themselves for similar tribulations. The true moral for young people is that they should look before they leap into such a possibility. There is such a thing as a marriage that is of itself harmonious. The music of its spheres is evolved from their own free motion. There is no pushing and pulling and blocking to turn a squeak into a song, and that is not the natural way songs come. Let one-half the care be taken to insure such marriages as is taken to mitigate the rigor of marriages that never ought to have been made, and we should have hope of better times for the future. Let the young people be brought up to believe that marriage ought to widen their vision, not contract it; that it ought to minister to the gratification of their better nature, not repress it; that it ought to develop every faculty, and dwarf none; that it ought to be preceded and attended on both sides by a love so profound and absorbing that every service is pleasant, but that such love can hardly come unless the two natures are so suited to each other that even the little ways which are hardly important enough to be called habits, the little likings which hardly rise to the dignity of tastes, the little weaknesses, waywardnesses and wilfulnesses of each, are dear and pleasant. The conjugal training that goes along with love and admiration is as delightful in the process as it is excellent in the result. The training that implies disapprobation, and involves dislike, and assumes superiority, is detestable, root and branch, seed and fruit; neither sweet to the eyes nor desirable to make one wise. A degree of pride is as necessary as love to a happy marriage, and in some cases would perhaps be an easier, perhaps a surer test of the fitness of marriage.—*Harper's Bazar.*

PAPER BOATS.

Paper boats merit some attention, not only on account of the many advantages they possess, but also as illustrative of the characteristic inventive ingenuity of Americans. The idea of applying paper to such a use originated with George A. Waters, of Troy, N. Y., a manufacturer of paper boxes, who adopted the expedient of repairing the cracks of an old wooden shell with paper coated with waterproof varnish. The success of this experiment demonstrated the feasibility of making the entire covering of this fabric, and in June, 1867, the first paper boat was built. It is needless to mention the result of the trial of this model, or detail the subsequent improvements. Ninety races won in paper shells from 1868 to 1871, the constant demand for such craft among our own boat clubs, and their exportation to distant countries, sufficiently attest their superiority and reputation.

The paper used in the manufacture of boats is prepared from either linen or manilla. When made from the former material, the skin is formed of several thicknesses or layers glued together, but if manila paper is employed, a single sheet only is used. In either case, the paper is moulded, when damp, on a wooden pattern, of the form and dimensions of the proposed boat, and assumes the desired form by drying—a process which completely effaces all seams or wrinkles. Those parts of the wooden frame which are attached to the skin, viz: the kelson, inwales and deadwoods, are adjusted to the pattern so as to form part of it, and when the covering dries, adhere to it. The application of waterproof varnish, the finishing of the frame and decks, with the usual brass and iron trimmings as in an ordinary boat, completes the building. As regards the advantages of this innovation in boat-building, it is apparent that lightness, one of the most essential qualities sought for, combined with strength and stiffness, is gained. The very nature of the fabric itself is a sufficient guarantee that, unlike the wooden shells, they neither warp, shrink nor crack. In addition, the exterior presents a smooth, polished surface to the water, unbroken by joints or seams, and absorbs no water.

Such boats are especially adapted for racing purposes, when built in the form of shells, for uniting buoyancy, lightness and strength, they can be propelled with great speed. The same material and process can be applied in the manufacture of a variety of other boats—gigs, dingies, canoes or skiffs, by suitable alterations in the form of the frame. Hunting skiffs of paper have proved to be superior to wooden ones; on account of their lightness, they can be easily rowed or poled, and from their light draft can be readily hauled through reeds and shallow water. Within the last year the manufacture of these boats of fine model, through the exertions of Col. Balch, one of the firm, has been brought to such a state of perfection as to be able to compete with the best wooden ones.—*Turf, Field and Farm.*

SOCIAL CUSTOMS IN DENMARK.

A letter from Copenhagen to the Philadelphia Press, speaking of Danish customs, says:

I will notice some of the most singular ones by giving a conversation I had with Baron R——, to whom I had been introduced by a friend in America. Immediately on my arrival here, after I had attended to some official duties, and seen the Minister and other Americans, I called upon the Baron. He received me very kindly indeed, and said, "I see by the hotel register that your wife and little daughter are with you. I judge that you wish to go into society, and if you do, it is necessary for me to give you some instructions. It is your duty—and I trust you will pardon me if I speak plainly—to call upon first the persons whose acquaintance you desire, and you must be careful not to ask any to come to see you, and your wife must do the same. If you do not call first you may wait at your hotel until doomsday before you will have a visitor. If you do not go to see any one, the people will judge that you do not care to go into society, and will so respect your inclinations."

I could not help thinking how differently such things were in our own country.

The Baron also informed me that I must use printed cards, instead of writing them, as he had observed me doing, and that my residence and official station must be in French instead of English. I could not do otherwise than to thank him for his information, and he, seeing what he said was well received, continued: "It will never do to be too impulsive, or look surprised at anything. Keep cool, my dear sir. You should have seen how a beautiful German countess acted, on the day of a brilliant party at her house, when an officer informed her of the death of her son in the late war. Why, sir, she received the intelligence with beautiful composure. Her conduct was worthy of emulation—it was sublime; and you must understand that it is an evidence of gentle blood not to display much emotion. She did not neglect a single rule of politeness. She requested the officer to be seated, and in the calmest manner in the world asked about his own health; and how he liked the country through which he had travelled, and how long he expected to remain at the capital. She did all this while her heart was absolutely breaking with grief; and, moreover, she was equally attentive to every one of her guests."

A SHORT-LIVED TRIUMPH.

The San Francisco Bulletin of April 2 tells this: "The silver half dollar nailed to the end of a stick driven down between the paving stones in the street at the crossing of California and Battery streets, yesterday, caused a great number of persons to stop and attempt to increase their finances, then start on with a metaphorical flea in each ear, muttering something about April fool. At length a small boy came along, kicked vigorously at the coin, comprehended the situation and walked off. He soon returned armed with a pair of blacksmith's pinchers, and seizing the head of the stick with a firm grip, pulled it up bodily and walked off with it in triumph, remarking *sotto voce*. 'I guess somebody else is fooled this time.' But what is the world coming to? That half dollar was bogus."

A LARGE ARMY.—A story illustrative of the way in which revolutions are got up in South America is told by the Anglo-Brazilian Times: Three or four years ago, an Argentine second lieutenant made a "pronunciamento" in the city of Corrientes, but was beaten and captured. At his court-martial he was asked, "What post had you in the affair?" "I was commander-in-chief of all the infantry of the revolution." "How many men had that infantry?" "Seven men," replied the commander-in-chief.

"ONLY A WOMAN'S HAIR."

[After Swift's death there was found in his writing-desk a tress of Stella's hair. On the paper enclosing it there was written, "Only a woman's hair."]

"Only a woman's hair!"
A seal, a sign,
Nerving the knightly arm
In Palestine.

Only a woman's hair!"
Beside their lore
Pale students lay the pledge,
And strive the more.

"Only a woman's hair!"
Gauge of fond trust,
Buried with stalwart forms
Crumbling to dust.

"Only a woman's hair!"
Was this a gibe—
A bitter sneer? If so,
Shame on the scribe.

"Only a woman's hair!"
Was this a sigh
Borne on the midnight surge
Of memory?

"Only a woman's hair!"
Lo! there be times
When wailing music clings
To mocking rhymes.

"Only a woman's hair!"
Strange it appears
That he should nurse or jest
So many years.

"Only a woman's hair!"
Dead Stella's hair;
If he meant a jest
Why all that care?"

"Only a woman's hair!"
True—nought besides,
And yet 'twas something more
When Stella died.

"Only a woman's hair!"
A woman's hair!
A moan from out the past—
A woman's hair!

The True Lucrezia Borgia.

BY RICHARD B. DAVEY.

Since the popularity of the opera and drama bearing the name of Lucrezia Borgia, it has been usual to compare all female poisoners to this famous princess. Not long since, when a celebrated trial for murder by poison commenced, our newspaper placards did not fail to exhibit large characters styling the murderess "a modern Lucrezia Borgia." I have no doubt that my readers will smile with incredulity when I assure them that Lucrezia Borgia never poisoned or murdered any one, and more, was never accused of such crimes by any serious historian, or even by her worst enemies.

In the year 1833 Victor Hugo produced his celebrated drama "Lucrece Borgia," which the grand acting of Mlle. Georges, the disciple of Mlle. Duchaisnois and predecessor of Rachel, rendered unusually popular. The subject of this tragedy is acknowledged in the preface, by its author, to be founded on no historical fact, but an invention of his own imagination. The injury done the memory of the historical Duchess of Ferrara by this drama was still further and a thousand fold increased by Donizetti's magnificent opera. The terrible plot is the same, but whereas the language of the one restricted its performance to France, the exquisite melodies of the latter soon rendered it universally popular from Sydney to New York, from Paris to St. Petersburg. To mention the name of Lucrezia Borgia now-a-days is to recall to the mind of listeners that sober-clad lady all in black, of the mask, dagger, and poison bowl, the murderess of the gay group of "merrie" youths gathered around Marchioness Negroni's festal board to hear Maffeo Orsini sing "Il segreto." It is instructive and curious to observe how history can be perverted by the novelist and dramatist.

A mass of information exists of high authority, which depicts this princess in what I have no doubt were her true traits—as an amiable, virtuous, and rarely accomplished woman. They who will follow my example and turn to the pages of contemporaneous historians, poets, and other eminent personages of the period in which Lucrezia reigned Duchess of Ferrara, will discover her to be a widely different person from the terrible murderess, the equal in beauty, but superior in infamy, of Messalina, Margaret of Burgundy, and Isabel of France, which we generally believe her to be. They will, on the contrary, learn that she was a princess of uncommon merit, a good wife, good mother and good sovereign, who died peaceably in her bed, regretted and respected, not by the great and learned alone, but by the poor and lowly.

Her extraordinary beauty, innumerable graces and accomplishments, won the heart and good will of all who approached her. In person she was above the middle height, exceedingly lovely of form; her hands and arms were considered perfect for their beauty of color and shape. Her face was slightly oval and her features very delicate and regular of outline. Her eyes were black, and sparkling, and contrasted with her brilliant complexion and her hair, which was golden and of great length. In the Ambrosian Library of Milan is preserved a lock of her tresses and several of her letters. This relic of Lucrezia excited such enthusiasm in the poet Byron, that he entreated but a single hair, which being presented to him, he wore it until death in a gold locket round his neck. As Lucrezia Borgia had devoted much time to the study of the classic languages, and being herself a poetess, she was in a fit position to appreciate the works of the poets who flocked to her court, and form judicious criticisms on their various merits.

To conclude, I must beg leave to record a few of the many things said in her praise by the learned and trustworthy men who were her intimate friends. Bembo, in dedicating to her his romance "Asolani," takes occasion to term her a Princess of peerless character, of excellent endowments both of heart and person, who preferred rather to improve her mind with study than spend her time in the adornment of her body with the trivial embellishments of dress, to the end that her mind might excel in knowledge that of all other women, as her person did by its symmetry and grace.

All the historians of Ferrara mention her with respect. Libanori calls her "an excellent lady and a beautiful princess, endowed with rare qualities of mind and heart, esteemed by all as the light of her time and the treasure of her age." Capello says she was "a most amiable and good woman." Still greater is the praise of Caviceo, who, in dedicating to her one of his works, places her as superior in excellence to the famous and virtuous Isabella d'Este, who was considered in point of rank and goodness the first woman in Italy of her time. Assuredly, if there had been the least suspicion that Lucrezia had been the infamous monster which the Neapolitan poets represented her, these writers would rather have dwelt in their compliments on her learning and personal attractions than extolled her modesty, virtue, and charity; for to do so in that case would have been to venture too far in the field of bitter satire. But it is to Ariosto that Lucrezia owes the highest and most lasting testimonials of her virtues. This immortal poet, in an epithalamium on the occasion of her marriage with Alfonso d'Este, represents her as "rivalling in decorum of manners and beauty all that had yet been seen in former times." In the forty-second book of his great poem, the "Orlando Furioso," he raises a temple of female excellence, the niches of which are occupied by the most meritorious of Italian women. Among these, Ariosto places Lucrezia Borgia as the first and most prominent.

"Rome should prefer to the Lucrezia of antiquity, the modern, as well in modesty as in beauty."

The Doge of Venice on learning the sad news of her death thus feelingly condoles with her bereaved lord: "Sir," he writes, "I have this day learnt the news of the death of the lady your wife. Believe me, my lord, I could not be more afflicted if I had lost one of my own beloved daughters. But we must both console ourselves in remembering that the virtues and piety of this lady will not fail to receive their reward."

Aldo Manuzio, the great printer, a man of unimpeachable character, veracity, and respectability, incapable of base flattery, thus addresses to Lucrezia Borgia the first edition of the works of the Strozzi: "Madonna, your chief desire in life has ever been to stand above all, approved of by God, and to be useful—your most ardent wish, not to live in vain, and when you quit this world, to leave behind you a monument in the heart of grateful generations." He then proceeded to enumerate her virtues, justice, liberality and amiability. But I think that my readers will now conclude, with Roscoe, that "if Lucrezia Borgia were guilty of the crimes of which she stands accused, the prostitution of her panegyrists is greater than her own; but of such degradation such men as Aldo Manuzio, Bembio, Caviceo, and Ariosto were incapable." And we may safely affirm that the flagitious and abominable heroine of the modern stage has nothing whatever in common with the respectable and honored Donna Lucrezia Borgia, Duchess of Ferrara.—*Galaxy.*

FASHIONABLE FOLLIES.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY ELLA WHEELER.

Why need people, for the sake of seeming *polite*, carry it to the extent of *lying*? Surely a lack of truth is more than a lack of society politeness.

For instance. Once I was visiting a friend who boarded. We were in the public parlor, with one or two other lady boarders. Something was said about music, when after the usual fashion everybody urged everybody to sing, and everybody refused. And here let me say, that I think this a very foolish practice, and one I am determined not to follow.

If I know a lady or gentleman is a *good* musician, I will, perhaps, ask *twice* to be favored, rather than forego the pleasure of hearing good music; but this ridiculous way that people have of urging and reurging some enemy to harmony, whom they *know* can only torture the instrument, to play or sing, is a folly I will not be guilty of, for I do not want to have my teeth set on edge, and what earthly use is there in begging to have it done.

But to return to my subject.

After everybody in the room had refused to "favor" the company, three times over, my friend, whom I will for the sake of variety call Miss G., remarked that there was a perfect Nightingale boarding in the house, by name Mrs. Q. Whereupon another lady present, Mrs. X., responded—"Oh, yes! isn't she a sweet singer!" to which my friend Miss G., replied—"Exquisite," and still another lady sighed—"Beautiful."

"Why how I would like to hear her," I said, becoming interested. "Is she in, and wouldn't she favor us?"

"I will go to her room," Miss G. said, "and ask her."

Which she accordingly did, and soon returned with Mrs. Q.

Something after the manner of the "girl of the period," described in the "Poet at the breakfast-table," Mrs. Q. took her seat at the piano, and began to sing—and I began to set my teeth very hard. She rolled up her eyes, put her head on one side, and opened her mouth very wide. The song was something about good-nights, and little bells, and little Maine, and every other word was "trilled," or "turned," or "waved," or something, and the alternate words were "slurred" or, at least she slurred them all; and the music was marked "ad lib" in several places, which she chose to construe as meaning "put on as much agony as you please here," and she *did* put it on, I assure you. She strung out each word to its fullest, longest possible length, and she called little "littul" with an indescribable *gush* of *sound* when she did it, and she twisted, and turned, and slurred, and *slided* her words in a manner that no pen can describe.

I saw in THE POST a few weeks ago (in the funny corner) a verse of "poetry," concluding with the lines about the "Jabernock," that came

"Whiffling through the tulgey woods,
And burbled as it came."

Now I can't find "*burble*" in Webster's unabridged, and never heard of the word before, and guess no one else ever did; but I know that Mrs. Q. *burbled* when she sang that song. Ever since I heard her sing, I have wanted a word to describe the manner in which she did it, and now I have it in "burble." Yes, Mrs. Q. "whiffled" down upon the piano stool, and "burbled" for ten minutes.

She rose from the stool with an air which said, "I have done my part well, now I am ready for compliments." And they came.

"How sweet the song, how exquisitely sung," said my dear little friend, Miss G.

"You have given us a rare treat," cried another.

"I envy you your voice," a third, and so on.

I managed to get off by praising the *song*, for it really was pretty. Mrs. Q. took the compliments as a matter of course.

"It is natural for me to sing," she said; "nature gave me a voice, and I have had it cultivated. But a natural singer needs but little cultivation, only enough to give *expression* to the singing, which I have now acquired."

And I said within myself, "May the good Lord deliver *me* from *expression!*"

After she returned to her room the ladies renewed their rhapsodies, and I don't suppose one of them thought that she was *lying*. But they all were, for I cannot think they were demented enough to consider Mrs. Q.'s agonizing burbling real singing, such as gives the hearer pleasure. Had the song been one of agony and distress, her *expression*, as she called it, would have been more appropriate; but as it was, it was *entirely* out of place. For my part, I see no beauty in singing which consists of contortions and twistings of the human countenance, and moans and groans and gurgles from the throat; and I will never, for the sake of being *polite*, tell a lie about it either. Never until I am more demoralized than I am now.

GOOD MEN MAKE GOOD HORSES.—A horse is never vicious or intractable without a direct cause. If a horse is restive or timorous you may be sure that these faults arise from defects in his education. He has been treated either awkwardly or brutally. Commence the education of a horse at his birth; accustom him to the presence, voice and sight of man; speak and act gently; caress him, and do not startle him. All chastisement or cruelty confuses the animal and makes him wild. They are good men who make good horses.

THROUGH PEACE TO LIGHT.

I do not ask, O Lord, that life may be
A pleasant road;
I do not ask that Thou wouldst take from me
Aught of its load;
I do not ask that flowers should always spring
Beneath my feet;
I know too well the poison and the sting
Of things too sweet.
For one thing only, Lord, dear Lord, I plead,
Lead me aright—
Though strength should falter, and though heart should bleed—
Through peace to light.

I do not ask, O Lord, that Thou shouldst shed
Full radiance here;
Give but a ray of peace, that I may tread
Without a fear.
I do not ask my cross to understand,
My way to see;
Better in darkness just to feel Thy hand
And follow Thee;
Joy is like restless day; but peace divine
Like quiet night;
Lead me, O Lord, till perfect day shall shine;
Through peace to light.

ADELAIDE A. PROCTOR.

PERSONAL.

JUAREZ, President of Mexico, is sixty years of age, and is by blood a pure Indian.

INSURANCE stock is said to have been of late a favorite investment of Nilsson.

THE Emperor of Brazil's European tour cost him just about $1,000,000.

THIERS is a matutinal old boy. He rises at 5 A. M. and takes soup; works until 8, takes a snooze, and at 9½ breakfasts. At 10 he receives, at 1 he dines, at 6 dozes again; in the evening executes a Communist or two, and retires at midnight.

CLARA LOUISE KELLOGG, the American prima donna, sailed on Saturday last for Europe. She is to appear in Italian opera in London this spring, but returns in the fall to form one of the company to sing with Mdlle. Lucca.

WHICH is the oldest, Miss Ann Tiquity, old Aunty Deluvian, Miss Ann Terior, Miss Ann Cestor, Miss Ann T. Mundane, or Miss Ann T. Cedent?

SIGNOR GRAFFIGNA, of Milan, instructor of Mademoiselle Nilsson, has arrived in London with a pupil of great promise, Mademoiselle Anna Renzi. The lady has a rich, powerful soprano voice, and promises to be a great success.

OLIVE LOGAN commenced one of her lectures at Newark, recently, with the remark, "Whenever I see a pretty girl, I want to clasp her in my arms." "So do we," shouted the boys in the gallery. For a moment Olive was nonplussed; but, recovering her self-possession, she replied, "Well, boys, I don't blame you."

SIGNOR BLITZ, the ventriloquist, cautions publishers against impostors who are travelling through the country and using his name and contracting bills for advertising which they do not mean to pay.

PROF. MORSE'S estate is estimated at half a million, all bequeathed to his wife.

BARNUM is in treaty for more live cannibals.

ANOTHER "personal" of Disraeli and Gladstone; this one by a London correspondent of the Boston Advertiser:—"There is one figure which you notice as somewhat at variance with the others. It is magnificently noticeable—haggard, with the remains of a certain beauty and coquettishness of expression, with really fine eyes and a firm, manly mouth, but with a burned-out expression and a dinginess of attire which mark the world-weary man and the exhausted dandy. The whole figure is a cross between the fop and the philosopher. As it rises there is a hum on all the benches; as the face is lifted there is a decorous but hardly restrained murmur of impatience from some, of joy from others. It is *Disraeli*, and the administration is likely to suffer at his hands. His voice is penetrating, picturesque, cynical. Now leaning upon the table in front of which he stands, Disraeli fastens his glittering eye upon the leader of the party in power, and calls him to respond to certain accusations. The words are like scourges, the sentences like blows. The Americans and the treaty are discussed in courtly yet inimical language; and when the speech has ceased the figure instantly glides away, and seems to sink into the shadows out of which it was so lately born. Then a death-like stillness ensues, and the honorables hold their breaths, for the trumpet-like, superbly sonorous voice of Gladstone rings through the hall, and the echoes seem to lovingly repeat his well-fashioned phrases, and to bear them upward and away over the great smoky city, over land, over sea, into infinity. There is no cynicism, but a cold and classical disdain apparent in every sentence; and to the opposition it is as a savor of death unto death. Criticism is checked; the disturbers stand still. Some petty measures are next taken up, and one of the inferior members of her Majesty's government rises, hemming and hawing, to defend his bill. After you have heard Disraeli and Gladstone, you may as well go out; you will find nothing more to interest you, and the hesitancy of many of the speakers will disgust you."

OLE BULL.

The career of Ole Bull, the Norwegian violinist, has been marked by many vicissitudes and romantic incidents. Born at Bergen in 1810, his father destined him for the church and set his face steadily against his passion for music. His love of the violin, however, could not be repressed, and he early gave concerts with success. He commenced the study of law at Gottingen, but soon abandoned it. At Minden he fought a duel with a fellow artist, and mortally wounded his antagonist. Taking refuge in Paris, his existence became so wretched and precarious that he threw himself into the Seine, from which he was rescued. A bereaved mother who thought she saw in him a resemblance to her dead son befriended him liberally, and his performances so charmed the public, that in the course of seven years spent in professional tours through Europe, he acquired a handsome fortune. He married a Parisian woman, returned to his native place and settled upon an estate. About 1843 he first came to this country, and had a career of great success. Returning to Europe he continued his concerts, made a campaign in Algeria against the Kabyles, attempted reforms in Norway which led to political entanglements, lost his wife and a large portion of his fortune, returned to this country in 1852, founded a colony in Pennsylvania which proved a failure, bringing further pecuniary loss; again repaired his fortune with his violin, married a second wife in this country, and at the age of sixty-two is still charming the public with his performances on the violin.

That Repertoire Business.

An Ohio journalist read in another paper a statement to the effect that "Miss Kellogg has a larger repertoire than any other living prima donna;" and he considered it his duty as a champion of truth to sit down and write an article upon the subject, in which he said: "We do not of course know how Miss Kellogg was dressed in other cities, but upon the occasion of her last performance here we are positively certain that her repertoire did not seem to extend so far out as either Nilsson's or Patti's. It may have been that her overskirt was out too narrow to permit of its being gathered into such a large bump behind, or it may have been that it had been crushed down accidentally; but the fact remains that both of Miss Kellogg's rivals wore repertoires of a much more extravagant size—very much to their discredit, we think."

TOGETHER.

Oh! take me with you, my darling,
I'll follow where'er you lead,
To the grandest heights of triumph,
Through the darkest ways I'll speed.

Over the flowers of girlhood
With relentless track I'll press,
And the sharpest thorns wi' I blossom
Like the fabled wilderness.

Trampling on ev'ry emotion,
Condemned by a gath'ring frowe,
My voice will thrill with the music
That your smile awakes to sound.

I'll learn from the softest zephyr
To whisper at eventide,
And the fleet wild birds will teach me
The steps I tread at your side.

I'll borrow the light of beauty
From your loving, trusting glance,
And check with a shield of happiness
Misfortune's chill advance.

Together we'll bravely conquer,
And write with the self-same hand
The tablet we'll read together
In the shadowy spirit-land.

Together enter its portals,
Which the warder, Death, flings wide,
Together front the throne of God,
With your strong hand still my guide.

MARK JARRETT'S DAISY.

THE WILD FLOWER OF HAZELBROOK.

BY PIERCE EGAN,

AUTHOR OF "THE FLOWER OF THE FLOCK," "VIOLET; OR, THE WONDER OF KINGSWOOD CHASE," &c.

CHAPTER XVIII.

JOYSE STOKE TAKES TRIBUTE, AND UNDERTAKES A NEW MISSION.

"Joysy-Poysy" Stoke proved to be as insensible to the wheedling tones of Titus Vink as if she had been formed of the hardest adamant.

His sneaking, snuffling, coaxing, and flattering expressions were to her as the thinnest spray flung upon a rock of iron-stone. His tribute to her beauty was like to casting turpentine upon fire. His appeals to her sweetness of disposition were as lashes to a thin-skinned Arabian steed.

In answer to his asseveration that it was a treat to see her, she tightened her grip of his soiled neckcloth, and hauled him in a certain direction as if he were a bushel of diseased potatoes destined for the pigs.

He did not know how he was transported to her cottage, planted in a leafy recess in Devil's Hollow; but he speedily found himself upon the brick floor, in the immediate vicinity of a large stone slab, forming the hearth of that retired establishment.

There was a large wood fire burning within a foot of his short, wiry hair, and he was thankful, as he scrambled up, that the vigorous arm which had placed him before the crackling flames had not deposited him on them as a holocaust, in acknowledgment of some transactions he had had in years gone by with its owner, and out of which transactions Joyse had emerged, under the impression that she had been completely duped, done—or, as Titus remarked at the time to himself, "choused."

After those business relations, she had not walked in the way he thought she would go. He cared nothing for the ought, except that her way ought not to be his way, and he had successfully contrived to keep out of her way until now, when, *intentionally*, he had put himself into it.

He saw that the turbulent-minded woman had caught up a billet of wood, about as thick as his arm, and a little longer, and that she was advancing towards him as if with the intention of striking a balance on the old account. As he could see her eyes sparkling like two flaming coals, he had a conviction that she would not only do it if she could, but also that she would transfer the balance to her own side—if her strength lasted.

The chairs in that cottage home were high-backed, and Titus, instead of boldly confronting his armed enemy, descended to strategy. That is, he darted into one of the chairs, seized it by the fore-legs, and presented the back as a shield or breastwork, to the foe.

Joyse was, however, nimble, and not fastidious about the preservation of her chairs: so she rained blows over the back, the sides—wherever she could get sight of his fingers or his head.

Titus was—at least, on this occasion—active too. Perhaps he never was brisker than now. He could not at any moment have stated correctly in what corner of the room he was, for, to parody the poet, he was in

Every one by turns,
And in no one long.

The worst of it was, the billet kept such a clatter that any remark he offered—and he tried some, after the manner of Stentor—was drowned in the din; and when he found the back rails of the chair being shivered to splinters, and the whole shield exhibiting symptoms of parting into small pieces, he darted swift glances into the chimney corner, in search of a large iron poker sometimes to be found in such places.

But Joyse evidently did not use such luxuries. She raked the embers of her daily fire together with a billet of elm-wood, and the only one in the immediate neighborhood was then in active employment, in her possession. As she betrayed no sign of exhaustion, there seemed to be only a remote probability of her surrendering it, and he thought of a harlequin's leap through the window; but it did not look as if it had ever been, or would open. In addition, if it had been wide open, the frame, being divided in the centre by an upright piece, offered him only two apertures, each too small for anything but a starved greyhound to squeeze through.

The door, too, was closed—jammed fast—no doubt bolted and locked. How could he tell? At least, it was so to him, for in his swift gyrations and rapid evolutions he could not see it.

He was out of breath; his arms ached distressfully. He wished himself with Dean and the hot whisky—with Mr. Rokeby taking notes. He wished himself a little fly—a domestic house-fly—that he might mount to the ceiling, and crawling slowly along, laugh her billet of hard, hard elm to scorn.

Simultaneously with this thought, he received a smashing blow upon the knuckles of his left hand, and instantaneously a thunder clap on his *os frontis*, enabling him to have a distinct view of millions on millions of sparks—but nothing more.

Awakening from a dream, he opened one eye—there was a difficulty about the other—and observed, hazily, the eyes of Joyse Stoke watching him intently. He re-closed the eye in a twinkling, for he imagined that she was discreetly gathering strength for round No. 2. So he affected to be dead—as dead as a mummy of four thousand autumns.

His head ached distractedly, and his limbs had not a piece the size of a farthing free from pain. It was his conviction, judging from the state of his feelings, that she had exercised much time, considerable strength, and the billet of wood over him while he lay senseless.

Nor was this all. He was conscious of a strong smell of burnt feathers, and therefore did not doubt that he had been some part of the time on the fire. It was hard at that moment to distinguish between the agony of a burn or the pain of a weal; but he was satisfied that he was suffering the torture of both, and that she had not only beaten him nearly to death, but had designed to finish him off by roasting him—prematurely.

To his amazement, he presently found her softly bathing his face, and inserting into his lips a teaspoon with brandy in it. He lay very quiet, with his eyes closed firmly, and allowed her to bathe his face and administer the fragrant spirit. He would have preferred a larger spoon; but he felt there was an awkwardness in submitting that proposition to her under the circumstances.

After a short time she ceased her Samaritan labors, and resumed her seat—to watch him, so he surmised, and he was right.

"The battle is over for the present," he thought, with grating teeth. "The Lord 'as fit on her side this round, an' 'as permitted her a respectable innin's. However, it'll be my turn next to go in with the bat, and when I do, I'll begin work with her with the lark, an' only hend with the howl. An' if the Lord is ge-racious to me, I'll make her smell of burnt feathers, too."

He opened his practicable eye again, and looked furtively at her. She was seated near to him, bending forwards, with her elbows resting on her knees, and both hands supporting her chin. Her bright, dark eyes were fastened on him, yet he could see that so far as his existence was concerned, he was mere vacancy, for her thoughts were evidently far away.

He saw, too, that there was a sad expression, rather than a malignant one, on her face, that the storm of passion had passed over, and if the sky was not yet clear, the heaviest clouds had disappeared.

He knew the woman, and he was satisfied that he had nothing more to fear from her this interview, and he at once began to collect his scattered thoughts—for that they had been as much scattered as a flight of starlings would have been by a discharge of grape-shot from a forty-pounder there was no doubt.

He saw that she was greatly changed in appearance. He had known her as the Dark Rose of Chilgrove, when she was a straight, tall, well-shaped girl, with a nut-brown beautiful face, in which were set two thrilling black eyes—a proud, high-spirited, impulsive, wilful creature, who looked down with scorn upon men of her own sphere, and seemingly, with sarcastic, biting jeers, kept at arm's length the "gentlemen" who sought to make themselves too amiably affable to her.

He knew that everybody had said that "Hoity-Toity" Joyse Stoke would marry a gentleman's son, an' would keep her carr'ge before she died; but he also knew that she abruptly disappeared from Chilgrove, no one knew when, how, or why, and that she returned there some four years subsequently, dejected, drooping, broken-spirited—a shadow of her bright, haughty self—and with her a little fair baby girl.

She had still so much fierceness of character left, that no one dared question her about her absence or about the child, or even to drop a hint that reflected upon her good name, directly or indirectly.

A hunting whip had corrected the tongue of one thoughtless giber, and the contents of a fowling-piece had arrested the sneering of a former admirer. Titus Vink, aware of these proceedings, had approached her at that time with reverence, for he was desirous that she should insure her life in his "horfice" at nine-pence a week, and was not ambitious that she should show her "mussel" about his lean form during any transaction he might have with her.

It was during this negotiation that she made a proposal to him of infinitely superior merit to the insurance business. There was very much more "money in it," although the insurance—with a slight drawback in a printer's account, which was not, however, paid—was all plunder. He entered into all her views, executed the task she secretly entrusted him with, received a large sum for which, in her name, he had bargained, and which he knew her to be awaiting with a restless, carking anxiety, having destined it for a purpose which was of vital importance to herself—and at that point he closed the transaction.

That is to say, the moment he received the money, he pocketed it, and immediately laid his lines in other places.

Joyse Stoke never received a shilling, for Chilgrove knew him no more, and although she set out in maddened search of him—had been many times on his track—she had never fairly run him to earth until now.

The sight of him raised up terrible thoughts, which had, however, been in some degree softened by the vigorous exercise she had taken on welcoming him with a billet, as if he had been a soldier of the army, instead—as he profanely declared himself to be—of the Lord. And now, as she went over mentally some of the past, she reflected that he might still prove of use to her, after she had impressed on him that she had only paid with the elm billet a portion of the interest of the debt he owed her, there was still the remainder and the principal due, and if he played her false again they would be exacted to the utmost.

The movement of his eyelid not having attracted her, he resolved to speak.

"She has had her 'whack' out of my body, an' we ought to cry quits now," he thought. "She's wore out herself an' that hell-brand, so p'raps she'll listen to reason."

Then, with a voice like a raven, he gasped—

"What—my—Joysy-Poysy! Full o' larkish-ness an' foolish playful-ness as ever! O——h, my back! oh, my poor 'ed!"

She started to her feet at the sound of his voice, and approaching him, she lifted him up from the ground, and plumped him roughly in a chair. He shrieked with pain, and she laughed ferociously. However, she devoted herself to the task of again bathing his face for a few minutes, bandaged his bleeding forehead, and gave him another sup of brandy.

He smacked his lips at the spirit, which having been smuggled on the coast, was genuine, and he muttered—

"Six tablespoonsful ev'ry arf 'our till a cure 'as been a-feeted."

"Are you better now, you swindling thief?" she murmured, moodily.

"A hinconsiderable trifle," he returned, in the tones of a roopy parrot. "I'm not dead, which *is* something, remembering the club of 'Erkewles, also the harm of a Samson as flonrished it. How I must ha' kop' in its way."

"I lost my temper over you, I suppose, you snuffling robber," she answered, gloomily.

"Could it ha' been me as found it?" he remarked, faintly. "He who seeks shall find; but I wasn't seekin'—it come to me."

"Well, it ran away with me—what matters?" she rejoined impatiently. "What signifies which?"

"A good deal to me," he answered, ruefully. "It bolted with you—it took the bit into its mouth and cut away like mad. But you stuck to your seat, an' you larruped me instead o' yourself—I mean your tempor—nay, I don't know what I mean. I feel as if somebody had mistook me for a harrow, and had drawed me over shingle an' beach stones, boulders an' broken flint stones—"

"Cease your whining," she interrupted sternly. "You have not had a quarter what you deserve, half what you will have if you make the slightest attempt to defraud and cheat me again. I have given you a slight sample. Be warned! I want now to talk with you on serious matters, and on reflection I am glad you came to-day."

Titus Vink groaned and reflected mentally—

"To think I should ha' been such a hegregius ass, when I could ha' sent her a line, and met her with two revolvers an' a flail."

Then he smiled horribly, and said, huskily,

"'Twas fort'nate, wasn't it. I never thought o' seein' you. With that bludgeon," he added mentally.

"Now I am going to put some questions to you," she proceeded, regarding him with knitted brows and gleaming eyes. "And be careful how you answer me, or tremble for the result."

Titus Vink champed his teeth, parched tongue, and lips together.

"It's time for the mixture—six tablespoons—as afore. I can't answer anythink unless my spirits is rewived," he sad guttorally.

She gave him some more brandy, and it appeared to reanimate him.

"I am ready," he presently observed, licking his lips. "What can pooty Joysy 'ave to say to her Vink? You was a 'ansum gal when I know'd you, my Joysy."

"Silence, wretch!" she half shrieked, in a tone which made him think she was about to regain possession of the billet, and commence round number two, and he broke into a cold sweat accordingly. "Do not you recall the past even by a hint. I have suffered for it—by it—no little of it through you. Do not you, therefore, rouse the tigress within me."

"Not for a bank o' money," he sputtered, quickly. "Not for all Mr. Sir Alvanley Rokeby's wealth," he ejaculated, with seeming simplicity, but with artful cunning.

"Ay," she exclaimed, instantly. "That is it, that is the subject. I would speak of Mr. Rokeby, of Fairholme Priors."

"Saw him the other day," ventured Titus, with the same affected candor.

"Where?" she asked, eagerly.

"At the Priors," he returned, with a sudden affectation of loftiness. "He has taken a liken' to my preachin'. It convarted him. He's promised to build me a tabernacle as large as a railway terminus, an' will sit under me to heer the gospel preeched, as he never did afore."

"Liar, and snuffling impostor," she rejoined, with angry contempt. "Mr. Rokeby is an educated gentleman, who treats all such ignorant, shuffling hypocrites as you with the scorn they deserve. If he sent for you it was in reference to the child I placed in your hands, to deliver to him, as the only child of his wife's sister; and before you leave my hovel, I will know what transpired between you. Firstly, however, let me hear what you did with that child, who is now known to the world as Miss Gabrielle Luttrell, the proud, cold-hearted, fair beauty of Fairholme? How I could trail her pride in the dust."

"Could you, really? Could you, indeed, my Joysy?" snapped Titus, eagerly.

"Could I not," she returned, folding her arms tightly, and, with contracted brows, falling into a fit of abstraction.

"Give us a pattern, a strip, a line, a word, as to how you'd do it, dear, pooty little Joysy?" he cried, more eagerly still.

He leaned over towards her, as she remained silent, and touched her bare arm. She started and recoiled as if a snake had bitten her.

"Dog!" she cried, loathingly. "I would as soon a toad rested on my skin as your finger. Use your tongue, man. Your touch is that of a reptile."

"So jocular and frolicsome," he sniggered as he thought, if she were only a mat, how he would stamp and wipe his boots on her. He would buy a carter's pair, well hob nailed, to do it.

"I gave you that fair-haired, white-skinned child to place in Mr. Rokeby's hands, and you did it, that I know," she resumed: "but—"

"The proceeds was obtained by a juggling, speeshus, cozening crafty blackguard, without a hatom o' religious feelin' or compunkshun in him," interrupted Titus, with affected virtuous indignation. "The annooity—"

"Mr. Rokeby did grant the annuity, then?" she interposed, eagerly.

"O' course he did," he replied, shutting his eyes, and speaking through his nose. "It was my 'artfelt wish to have had it made out in your name, but you said your name wasn't to be mentioned, on'y your father's."

"True."

"Well, it wouldn't ha' done to a 'ad it made out in the hold man's name. He would ha' kicked up a frantick bobbery, if it had a come to the heers o' old Martin Stoke."

"It would, indeed," she muttered, thoughtfully.

"So I was obleeged—I say I was obleeged—to have it made out in my own," pursued Titus, with the air of one in deep affliction. "I did it for the best, all for the best, but it made my 'art bleed, for fear of accidence. An, jest as I was agoin' to transfer it to your name, for your sole use an' benefit, a God-abandoned scoundrel—one as 'ad his Ebenezer, too!—said he'd show me how to double the money. There was money in that, an' I thought it would be such a good thing for my Joysy Poysy—it would make her a 'appy gal for life, so I gives him power to sell, and let him do it. O my Joysy! the vill'n, who will roost in brimstone, an' sulphur, an' fire, in another an' a wuaser world—I shall see him do it—showed me his back with the fun's, and I've never seen him since. There, that's the 'ole gospel truth. I was afeered to come and tell you the misfortun' at the time, and so—"

"You try now to palm the lie upon me," she interrupted, with an impatient gesture. "I do not believe a word of it. It is fruitless to discuss it now; the heartburnings, the miseries, the shame, the tortures, the want of that wretched sum wrought me, are all things of the past. They have been endured and wrestled with, but I will yet exact reparation for them. An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth."

"From that wampire who diddled me out of that annooity," he appended, rapidly. "I think I knows where to drop upon him."

"We will leave the question of the annuity to the future," she responded, impatiently. "I will see to that. I was to hear from you of Gabrielle Luttrell. You have been to the Priors. Did you see her? Is she tall, blue-eyed, marble-skinned, fair-haired, slender, graceful, icy, haughty, proud, prouder than Lucifer himself? Tell me, how does she look now she is a woman grown?"

"Well," replied Titus, reflectively, "she does look all that. I only saw her for a moment, run agen her, having got by a ridikless acciden' into a room where there was lovely an' elegant, also gold articles, layin' in reckless neglect on half-a-dozen tables. She set up a lad,like shriek when she came in collision with me, an' bolted. She mistook me for the Father o' Sin on the prowl. Dean, the 'ouse steward, came up in the nick o' time, or else three o' the flour wigged serving men would ha' shown me the outside o' the house, an' set me on a gravel path through a second floor window."

"Mr. Rokeby still believes her to be Gabriel Luttrell;" she interrogated, not heeding the extraneous matter with which he had overloaded his reply.

"Well, yes, he do," returned Titus, with hesitation, "and he's goin' to marry her to his son an' heir, Mr. Wilfred Rokeby, because she's an heiress to—heiress to Prince Paletoe."

"To whom, fool?" demanded Joyse, with a puzzled look.

"That was what the 'igh an' inflated Mr. Sir Alvanley Rokeby said," responded Titus, with an unsettled glance at her, as if he felt that he had put his foot in a deep and muddy hole. "He said she'd come into enormous property—Prince Paletoe's, I suppose."

"Bah!" cried Joyse, scornfully; "she has not come into enormous property yet. Nor has she yet married Mr. Wilfred. People who walk on ice should beware lest they fall—it might be fatal."

"Yes, especially as Mr. Rokeby knows there's another Gabrielle Luttrell," observed Titus, looking cautiously from the corner of his only serviceable eye at Joyse.

"Another Gabrielle Luttrell," she exclaimed, with amazement. "What other idiotic mistake have you made now?"

"None, my Joysy Poysy," he faltered. "Didn't my Poysy tell her friend an' pasture that Mrs. Gray Luttrell had twins?"

"Never, maniac!"

"That she had selected the boldest as being the one Mr. Rokeby would be pleased to have a preference for?"

"Never, lunatic! I told you to say that the child I placed in your hands was the daughter, the only daughter, of Mr. Gray Luttrell. That Gray Luttrell, who, beggared and bankrupt, had shot himself," said Joyse.

"Poisoned hieself."

"What mattered it, so that he understood that he was dead."

"So he did, but he says there was two gal twins, an' he wants to know which he has got," rejoined Titus, and added, in a perplexed and confused jumble, "You see, my Joysy, if he has not got the other, which is eldest, or if this is the eldest, and he has got the other, then the other, which or both it is, must be that or this one, but it can't be the other. So which is this, or that, or the other is which. No, if this should be the other—I mean that if the other—let me see where was I—oh, if both can't be the eldest then where is t'other, or if t'other is—"

"Wretch, you madden me," cried Joyse, jumping up in a rage, and snatching up the billet.

Titus, with an effort which cost him excruciating agony, tossed up his hands, and clasped them in the form of prayer.

"Its Joysy wouldn't," he screamed.—"Aha! No! Woa! woa! My Poysy—my P-o-o-o-o-o-o-sy!"

She stayed her uplifted hand, and regarding him menacingly, said—

"Go on, then; but think before you speak. What said Mr. Rokeby about the twins?"

"That-Mrs.-Gray-Luttrell-had-twins-but-one-must-be-eldest-doesn't-know-which-he's-got-an'-eldest-is-the-one-he-wants-because-that's-the-heir-to-the-property," answered Titus, with a rapidity which it would be difficult to convey with the pen. Yet Joyse caught and understood every word.

She pressed her hands upon her temples like one in intense and distracted thought.

"This cannot be," she muttered, in wonderment. "Guy Luttrell has one—but there was no other; if so, where can it be?"

"*Guy* Luttrell," thought Titus, with exceeding quickness. "Who's Guy—never heard of Guy—must find out who *Guy* Luttrell is. Mr. Sir Rokeby will like to know that. There is money in that. I'll find that out."

"Twins," repeated Joyse to herself, yet audibly. "I must surely have known that fact if it had taken place."

"There's money in it, my Joyse," mumbled Titus, in a low voice. He considered it to be indiscreet just now to make liberal offers of largess, but he felt that it would be necessary to offer Joyse a money temptation to aid him; he knew she could assist him in acquiring the information Mr. Rokeby wanted better than any one else; but he had no hope that she would do it without a bribe and money down. "I want you to find out where the other twin is, and I promise you I will pay you for it."

She laughed bitterly and derisively.

"Your promise of payment," she said, scornfully.

"Money down on receipt of information," he said, nodding his head, but instantly repenting the movement, for he felt as if his spinal vertebræ would snap in two.

She waved her hand in contemptuous rejection.

"Do my Joysy Poysy Stoky want a little cash in advance?" he suggested, playfully, although the proposition cost him more pain than his aching bones.

"It is the only condition on which I will give you the secret when I have discovered it," she said, with dogged determination. "It is an important secret too—how important Mr. Rokeby little dreams. It will be worth a fortune to him—a large fortune—if he has determined to give the hand of the white-faced Gabrielle to his son."

"Ah!" remarked Titus, as if with a weak throat he had been out in a strong fog. "Between you and I an' the—no, that is naughty—the *door*-post, it will be quite as well for Mr. Wilfred, if he means to make her Mrs. Wilfred, to look sharp after her, for—"

"You spoke of money—I am in bitter want of some at this moment," interrupted Joyse, imperiously. "Give me some as earnest, or I will take my discoveries where they will be liberally paid for, and still exact from you what you owe me—exact it in my way."

"It is so comfortin' to see my Joyse in such cheerful spirits in all her trouble," muttered Titus, evasively, and in a cold sweat, for he remembered that he had the hundred pounds in a little bundle of notes, all "fives," and he could not produce one without exhibiting all. "I wish I could be, but I am orvays dull when I have no money about me, which I haven't now."

"No, not now, I dare say," returned Joyse, holding up to his view a dirty leather wallet, fastened with a clasp, but bulging out in the middle as if it contained a plethora of wealth. "This, I suppose, is your money-purse, it fell out of your pocket when I let my temper obtain the mastery over me."

If ever Titus made an effort to give a tiger-like spring, he did now; but he had been beaten, battered, bruised until powerless. He could not crawl a foot towards her, but screeching hoarsely, he implored her to give him back that wallet.

"Nothing in it but trac's for the wayward an' stumblin'," he cried. "Only some old mem'randas to cure abscesses an' king's evil. Was given me yesterday by a poor man who had the small-pox orful. Oh, I say, my Jo-o-o-o-osy—my—my—my—Oh—oh—oh—you'll break my 'art—you'll die if you touch it! Oh, give it me back! I don't mind dyin'! Oh!"

"Hold your tongue, you unprincipled wretch!" she exclaimed, sternly, shaking the terrible billet of wood at him threateningly. "I shall examine the contents, and take, at least, an instalment of what of right belongs to me."

He groaned like one in the last agonies of death as he saw her open the wallet, and draw forth the little bundle of notes. He saw her eyes glisten, gleam, dance brilliantly, as she separated and counted twenty of them.

"One hundred pounds!" she cried, triumphantly. "Mine—mine—mine! At last I step upward!"

She folded them up, stowed them carefully away in the bosom of her dress, and tossed him the wallet, which, although it cost him inconceivable torture, he seized, and replaced it his pocket.

"Now, Titus Vink," she said, with an hysterical burst of laughter, and snapping her fingers in an insane kind of way, "now I am on my feet, and I march forward to my revenge. I have lived for my revenge; but in all my efforts to obtain it I have been beaten back. I can go forward now. I will obtain the secret of the twins, never fear, and I will— Stay! You spoke just now of Gabrielle Luttrell, and I interrupted you. What were you about to say of her?"

"Not a sentinx," he snarled, doggedly and viciously, foaming at the mouth with rage; "not a word—not a whisper!"

She brought down the billet with a sudden violence upon his shoulder.

"Tell me, Titus," she said, fastening her bright black eyes like piercing flames on him. "Do tell me!"

Titus yelled with excruciating pain, shut his eyes, and made-believe to give up the ghost.

"I'll bring you to with the billet," she cried, determinedly, "unless you speak at once. What of Gabrielle Luttrell?"

The hot tears of fierce pain trickled down his bruised cheeks, and the spirit of opposition took shameful flight.

"I'm a blestin' lam' in the hands o' the 'Malekites," he snivelled, "an' am bein' smited an' slain! But Job bore his lot, an' I s'pose I must take this little lot smilin', an'—"

"Will you answer my question, and give your canting hypocrisy to some fool—not to me? What of Gabrielle Luttrell?" interrupted Joyse, fiercely, as she uplifted the billet menacingly.

"She ain't all hice, nor altogether a parfect yow of the flock. She, as looks as if she'd freeze butter with her proodity, meets a soldier officer in the darkness o' night, when the Old Father o' Wickedness is scourin' about for flound'rin' soles," he grated between his teeth, but with rapid promptitude.

"I know! That cold-blooded, heartless, black-grained villain, Colonel Waldron," responded Joyse, showing her white teeth. "He is trying to get her into his power; and he shall proceed to a certain point, but no further, for I will interpose with a thunderbolt which shall crush him and paralyze her!"

"Then you may look sharp," grunted Titus, with a nod of the head. "He's goin' to bolt with her, for her enormous pile o' money."

Joyse uttered a cry of startled wonder.

"Do you know this to be true, man?" she exclaimed, with excited eagerness.

"Dean told me—you know Jezoar Dean," he returned, faintly. "He was drunk when he let it out—too drunk to tell a lie."

"Then I have not a moment to lose," cried Joyse, with a suddenly-formed resolution.

To the amazement of Titus Vink, and to his agonized discomfort, she seized him with a reckless celerity by the collar, and lifted him with a jerk, to his feet. He responded, like a beaten hound, with an unearthly howl; but she heeded him not, for she raised him in her strong arms, and bore him like a child to a patch of turf by the roadside, some hundred yards from her cottage, where she deposited him with a crash, ran back to her abode, and hastily attired herself, quitted it, locking her door behind her, and fled away into the green depths beyond like a perturbed spirit.

Titus lay moaning and weeping until a farmer's cart, laden with stable manure, happened to come up. Titus knew the driver, and that he was bound for Raspham-cum-Ranthall. He coined some unscrupulous lies to account for his condition, and prevailed on the man to give him a lift.

As he lay extended on the top of the reeking, steaming manure, on his way home, he murmured, faintly—

"It ain't a bed o' wilets; but it's soft an' it's warm, an'—there's money in it!"

CHAPTER XIX.

THE VIOLET.

In the northern part of London, at no very great distance from that north-western suburb in which Mark Jarrett had taken up his abode with his young and beautiful charge, and yet, as far as familiar social relations went, a hundred miles apart from it, another Mark Jarrett and a wild-flower had suddenly located themselves—even that strange man of Dovedale, and his young and delicate blossom, who had so greatly exercised the mind and roused the speculations of Wilfred Rokeby.

They resided in a house similar in nearly all respects to that which Mark Jarrett now occupied, which was a fact, however, not so very remarkable, seeing that builders of "villas" in new localities do not fling largess among architects, to stimulate their inventive powers, but in the matter of elevation and internal arrangements follow closely in the wake of each other, like a flock of unreasoning sheep.

As a coincidence, too, the counterpart of Mark Jarrett, at very nearly the same moment of time, was attended in his library by the young fay who had dazed Bertie and bewildered Wilfred.

He sat rigidly, with his pale, aristocratic face bearing a set, cold, and, it seemed, almost passionless expression, arranging in his mind a programme of the future, in which the young creature confronting him was to play an important part.

She stood there silently, with downcast eyes, not more remarkable for her singular charms of person than for the surprising resemblance she bore to Mark Jarrett's Daisy.

There was the same slight, graceful, youthful form, with the same timid, shrinking motion; the same ingenuous, innocent, sweet-looking face; the same tender, loving eyes; the same silken, floss-like, luxuriant, shining hair; but with the difference, discoverable only by more familiar contact with both, that Daisy had more firmness, more self-possession, more innate courage, than the Wild Flower of Dovedale. In all other respects the similitude was a wonder.

On her entry, he had interchanged a few common-place words with her, and then, as if oppressed by the difficulties surrounding the subject he designed to broach, and the obstacles in the way of leading up to it by almost insensible degrees, he had relapsed into an abstracted silence.

The duration of his reverie induced her to raise her eyes timidly to his face, and she detected him scanning her features with a solicitous tenderness, and yet, withal, an emotion of acute pain which had brought into his eyes a film of glittering moisture.

She wondered silently what this portended, for as a rule he had been to her frigid, repellent, and harsh in words, in voice, and manner. Some few, very few, times he had betrayed an impulse of affectionate tenderness, clasped her to his breast, and kissed her forehead and cheeks with passionate fondness, but as suddenly he would thrust her from him with a muttered growl of self-reproof, and drive her from the room with angry gestures, bitter words, and almost curses.

With all this discouraging treatment she yet was urged by some secret and unaccountable impulse to love him, to feel for him a strange worship and reverence, and often she had crept in fear and timidity to some hidden nook or corner, where she could watch him without being herself seen—watch him when his face was calmer and more placid than when he looked upon her—watch him because her heart yearned towards him as it did not towards his confidential man, old grim Kemuel, who was more considerate and kinder to her by far than he.

Often when alone she had wept childish, but not the less hot and bitter tears, because he treated her so very coldly and distantly—especially when he repulsed her with words and signs of horror, and she would wish with all her heart that she was something in all ways different to what Nature had made her, if that would induce him to take her to his heart, and suffer her to nestle there.

Now that she saw there were indications of a fond admiration, as he regarded her as abstractedly as if he were gazing on a portrait, or a face seen only in his mental vision, she felt an intense yearning to throw herself on his breast, and clinging there, apostrophize him by the dearest and nearest name he could bear in relation to her. But she had under similar circumstances been hurled back with such distracting exclamations that she could only now venture to respond to the softness beaming in his eyes by a gaze as full of affectionate tenderness from her own.

But she did not attempt to move a finger.

If ever a girl bursting into the glory of her first womanhood could lay claim to supreme loveliness, this young creature could have done so now, yet all unknowing that she was in the possession of such charms. She thought only that the look of softness in his eyes meant that his harsh opinion of her was becoming modified, that now they had left Dovedale he was relenting, that he would in the coming time treat her with more kindness, and that in the new strange place she should be happier than in the old because of his altered behaviour to her.

However, to her dismay, he suddenly contracted his brow, banished the gentle expression which had settled for so short a time on his colorless countenance, and assuming the same painful constrained manner it had been his usual custom to exhibit when addressing her, said, like one who has started from a dream—

"It is necessary to exchange a few words with you respecting the sudden alteration which has taken place in your abode, and in your mode of life. You have quitted a home, which, with the lifelessness of the grave, possessed the beauties of an earthly paradise, for one which is in the midst of a constant maddening whirl of excitement, and whose brightest or meanest attribute is not of the Garden of Eden. Nor is this the most remarkable feature of the great change. You have been reared in unusual privacy—indeed in the very strictest seclusion—for you have scarcely looked on other human faces, save the woman servants, Kemuel's, or mine. The world, however, is very, very wide; it has not only places which are almost innumerable, but it has human beings who are numbered by millions. You may prepare yourself to look on many faces of both sexes more attractive to you than your own and mine. Your glass will have given you a fair intimation of what some of the loveliest of your own sex resemble, but neither Kemuel's features nor mine will give you any idea of what beauty is in a young man."

"But I know," she thought, and with an impulse was about to say so; but as is natural to her kind, discretion popped up, and kept her tongue between her teeth.

She remembered vividly Wilfred's face, which she thought was Bertie's, having—we must let it out—seen the latter first, but only at a comparative distance, and she considered it to be "perfectly lovely"—too lovely to be equalled, certainly not to be surpassed.

If, however, she did not speak, she blushed. Nay, her cheeks for a moment burnt fiercely, because it flashed through her mind that she should see him in this gigantic city, where heads were counted by millions, and that she should be able to sit near him and look on his face undisturbed, and listen to his voice—his rich, sweet, very sweet voice.

And for the moment, while this rosy tint covered forehead, and face, and neck, she was lamentably confused, because, as she thought of her interview with Wilfred, about which she had not breathed a word to a soul, she feared that some question would crop up which would compel her to confess all. But fortunately the speaker, too intent upon the statement he had decided to make, did not observe her confusion, but went on to say, a little sententiously—

"You have been reared in complete innocence of evil. The natural purity of your mind has met with nothing to taint it, nothing to weaken its trustfulness, nor shock its faith in the innocence and rectitude of others. But sinfulness, corruption, and wickedness of the deadliest kind do exist where large masses of human creatures herd together, so those vices are to be found in ghastly profusion in this large city. The horror of this is that vice of the worst description, assuming every form—the most seductive being that which it takes in preference to all others—is to be met with in every grade of society in which circumstances may call upon you to intermingle. It will be at your elbow when you suppose it to be far away; you will come in contact with it in places where you would believe it could never approach; and without excessive watchfulness you may find yourself struggling in its toils, when assuring yourself that you are wholly free from, aye, and far from its contamination."

The young girl looked at him bewildered and dazed. His statement was incomprehensible to her, and he saw it.

"Let me make you understand," he pursued, with emphasis, "that here you are a child to children, and you will find your simplicity laughed to scorn by a girl who does not reach your elbow, or number half your years. All are not so. Indeed, London is considered the most moral of great cities. There are virtuous, good, sincerely religious, honorable, and upright, conscientious and strictly moral people here in abundance, but you must recollect that it is the tainted wether of the flock that does the mischief. I desire you to protect yourself, to remember always that tinsel glitters like gold, but has no intrinsic value. Trust not to seeming, place implicit faith in no one, be cautious in what you say, but most cautious in what you do. Remember always that the world you are going into is a vast fathomless ocean, that as yet you cannot swim in it, and that a heedless step will place you beyond your depth, and hurry you to destruction."

"Cannot I return to Dovedale, instead of venturing into this terrible whirlpool?" she ventured to say timidly.

"No!" he returned, emphatically. "You have your mission as well as others in this life. You must fulfill it, and may not shrink from it. But as you will come into close relations with a heterogeneous mass, from which the simplicity of your education will not enable you to separate the good from the evil, the pure from the corrupt, it will be imperatively needful that a guide should be supplied to you, who will watch over you and direct your steps, your judgment, and control your decisions. Your untrained mind will probably be shocked by the levity of manner of some who are incapable of an impure thought or dishonorable action. You will be induced to regard with respect—almost reverence—others who, being outwardly patterns of propriety and sanctity, are innately impure—foully bad to the core. I would spare you this trying ordeal, if questions of imperious necessity did not force me to subject you to it; but I will fence you round with such protection as will insure you from danger. You have been, unhappily, deprived of—of—of—"

The word seemed to convulse, choke him, and what was singular, to inflame him to a pitch of almost ungovernable fury. He gave way, in fact, to such a paroxysm of passion, that, shrinking from witnessing the terrible ebullition, the affrighted young girl would have fled from the room; but he called her back in a stentorian voice, and bade her remain where she had been standing.

She obeyed his frenzied command with trembling, and also with signs of a suppressed grief, which not only attracted his attention, but filled him with a "special wonder." He understood her fear, but not her sorrow.

By one of those efforts which an educated mind can mostly make, and an untutored one seldom, he controlled his excessive mental agitation, bit his lip until the blood tinged it, and in tones which were more distinct than clear, he said, slowly, while he gazed at her with an intent scrutiny—

"The words which an acute spasm for the moment compelled me to leave unspoken bore reference to your—to your—to a maternal guide and counsellor—"

He paused, for the young, shivering girl bowed her head, and thus concealed her features from him. He saw that her frame shook convulsively, and though no sound issued from her lips, he could tell that she was crying bitterly.

"Geraldine," he exclaimed, almost harshly, and as if in extreme surprise, "why are you weeping?"

She turned her large eyes upwards to his. They were streaming with bright tears. She stretched her hands appealingly to him.

"You—alluded—to my mother," she faltered, yet faltered only through the depth of her aggrieved feeling. "Speak to me of her. Tell me if she is living—if I may see her—go to her—live with her instead of—"

The coming words became inarticulate, and died on her lips.

"Continuing to live under my care," he suggested, sternly.

"Of this life," she responded, with a forced energy. "It is horrible to me to be—what I am—a creature of mystery, living in secret, in hidden privacy, forbidden to look at, speak with any one but Ruth and Kemuel, or you—you, at prescribed intervals."

"Have I not told you that you are no longer to live in secret seclusion; but, having entered the vortex of exciting life, you will whirl with it?" he returned, in the same constrained and austere voice.

"But not as one recognized; a nameless, parentless thing," she cried, with a vehement and acute agony of tone.

He was startled, for he was quite unprepared for such an exhibition of feeling from her, whom he had never seen display any emotion but timidity, and a kind of reverential awe of himself. He was unable to interpret it, and his mind reverted to her governess and maid Ruth, who had had sole charge of her from her infancy. He suspected that this woman, in spite of his positive and definite instructions, had been insinuating subjects into her mind, which he had ordered to be kept from it, and to elicit this, he demanded, slowly—

"What would you have?"

She drew towards him, totteringly, and in an unexpected moment, and in an unlooked-for manner, she fell at his feet, and clasped his knees.

"My mother!" she ejaculated, with a violent burst of anguish, which took him wholly by surprise.

But the very name again seemed to transport him with unbounded fury. He wrested his knees from her clutch, suffering her unheedingly to fall to the floor on her face.

He receded a dozen paces. He flung his clenched hands in the air, and through his foaming lips poured forth a torrent of vituperative, vindictive utterances, and incoherencies, which were utterly incomprehensive to her.

As abruptly he paused, for her prostrate form, shrouded in the veil of glistening, luxuriant hair, caught his inflamed eyes, and almost screeching hoarsely with the inward torture he was suffering, he bade her rise.

But she sobbed hysterically, and seemed powerless to move. A flood of hot, bitter tears at the same instant forced their way from his eyes, and he covered them with his hands. But almost immediately he withdrew them, and his eyes were dry again, as though they had never been moistened by a tear.

Whether he was moved by feelings of compunction, or the promptings of a natural affection, or by the sympathy of common humanity, he carefully endeavored to conceal, but he bent over her prone form, raised her up tenderly, and in a gentle voice, most unusual from his lips, he said, softly—

"My sweet child, allay this tearful excitement. It will unfit you—"

"At last, at last," she almost screamed, with passionate joy. "You do acknowledge me. I am your own—my father—my dearest—"

"No!" he shouted, in a voice of thunder, as he thrust her from him, with a violence which would have hurled her to the ground, had not a couch been happily close to receive her. "No, that hated name you shall not, dare not, fix on me. I repudiate it with scorn—with a loathing hate."

She screamed as he uttered this denunciation, placed her fingers in her ears, and sobbed wildly, sobbed so piteously, that again in the midst of his violent exasperation a feeling it seemed of commiseration smote his heart. He struggled with his angry perturbation, and bade her, in peremptory yet not harsh tones, to dry her tears and assume a calmness of demeanor.

"You are plunging heedlessly into mysteries which one day, no doubt, will be elucidated, laid bare, and explained to you so unreservedly as to leave you no alternative but to look your condition, whatever it may then be, in the face with firmness, if not with resignation." he said, in deliberate and cold tones. "That day has not yet come. Until then you must be content to remain as you have been—what you now are. Be assured, however, that your desire to behold the advent of that day is not greater than mine. That nothing you can conceive or attempt, or accomplish to expedite it will approach what I am doing and shall do. Be content, therefore, to proceed in the path which has been marked out for you, docile, tractable and obedient, asking no questions, being content with events as they rise, and resting certain that the information you so hunger for will be yours—and I fear me—to your bitter sorrow."

He paused, but she made no sign—did not raise her head—but still wept—wept sorely.

"This must end!" he exclaimed, more harshly. "Attend me, Geraldine. I am about to place you in the charge of a matron—a lady who comes to me with high recommendations as being eminently trustworthy, and possessing qualifications of a very superior order. She is a gentlewoman, who, by an incontrollable caprice of fortune, has been hurled from a position of affluence. She is, in the respect of birth and former position, your equal, and you will treat her with every consideration. Her response will, I am sure, be to prove to you an excellent guide and counsellor, and a tender friend. Come, I will at once present her to you."

He extended his hand, and Geraldine rose up. She declined to accept his hand, but moved by his side with bowed head, and her handkerchief still concealing her marvellously-beautiful eyes.

Quitting that chamber, they entered another, where stood awaiting them a lady clothed in deep mourning—and, indeed, presenting somewhat the appearance of a sister of mercy, for she wore a rather extravagant arrangement of lace in the form of a cap, which went a long way to conceal her features.

What could be seen of them disclosed them to be exquisitely regular, and her complexion to be white, without the faintest tinge of color. Her eyes were nearly concealed by a long fringe of eyelashes; but yet enough of the orbs were visible to show that they beamed with a pensive tenderness.

She held out her thin white hands to Geraldine, who gazed upon her at first indifferently, but in a moment with electric quickness—with a look of thrilled wonder. Her eyes expanded, her lips parted, and her heart seemed to suspend for an instant its beatings.

Then, tremulously, she took the offered hands, crept, as it were, towards the stranger lady, and in a way crouched by her side.

And then she shook and trembled in every nerve and limb, bowed her head, and by the heaving and falling of her bosom was evidently panting for breath.

He who had brought her there beheld her quivering and her strange agitation, and he marvelled greatly.

Yet he only sighed deeply, and turned away without offering a word of introduction.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

[Any of the following works—or any other book—will be forwarded by mail by the proprietors of THE POST on receipt of the regular retail price. *Address H. Peterson & Co., 319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.*

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OUT-OF-DOOR RHYMES. By ELIZA SPROAT TURNER. Published by J. R. Osgood & Co., Boston; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada. Price $1.50. Upon a reperusal of the poems now first collected in this handsome volume, we are fully satisfied that the author has acted wisely in gathering them up from the waysides of periodical publication, and putting them in this more permanent and durable form. The general characteristic of Mrs. Turner's poetry is a thoughtful seriousness, but this is occasionally varied by an equally thoughtful playfulness. Mrs. Turner is, we believe, an upholder of the doctrine that "there is no sex in mind;" but there is probably not one poem in this volume which is not essentially feminine, and such as no man would or could have written. For instance, read the following well-turned lines on

COMPENSATION.

I am not a prosperous man;
The ships I send to sea
Are apt to meet some strange defeat
Ere they come back to me.
And her eyes are dulled with care:
And the castle that serves our prime
Is a poor affair to those in the air
We built in our courting time.

This morning, waking slow
To a sense of the coming day,
Of the life too mean, and the might have been,
My coward heart gave way.
My heart appalled sank down;
But rose again with a leap
At our delight when at dead of night
Our babe laughed out in his sleep.

Observe how thoroughly feminine the idea of "compensation" in the above case is. Although all great poets do seem to possess in a considerable degree the feminine as well as the masculine habits of thought—their minds being large enough to include in a degree both elements—still we doubt that any *man* would be apt to put the case quite in that fashion; while nearly every mother, poetical or not poetical, will respond at once to Mrs. Turner's thought, as being the most natural in the world.

"An Outcast," also, seems to us another poem which no man of equal poetic power would have been apt to end in Mrs. Turner's fashion. Here is its conclusion:—

"Just God, where lagged thine angels, when at last,
Amid my prayers, amid my victories,
One slinking, masked crime, so masked it seemed
A virtue, with its sudden backward thrust
Murdered my soul?"

We do not think any man would have left the subject just at that point. He would at least have added something in the spirit of the texts, "her sins are forgiven, because she loved much," "go, and sin no more."

But to return from our digression. We will quote the leading poem in the volume, as a good example of Mrs. Turner's thoughtful seriousness of style:

HOW THEIR CREEDS DIFFERED.

Bedded in stone a toad lived well,
Cold and content as toad could be:
As safe from harm as monk in cell,
Almost as safe from good was he.

And "What is life?" he said, and dozed;
Then, waking, "Life is rest," quoth he;
"Each creature God in stone hath closed,
That each may have tranquility.

And God himself lies coiled in stone,
Nor wakes nor moves to any call;
Each lives unto himself alone,
And cold and night envelope all."

He said, and slept. With curious ear
Close to the stone, a serpent lay;
"'Tis false," he hissed with crafty sneer,
"For well I know God wakes alway.

"And what is life but wakefulness,
To glide through snares, alert and wise—
With plans too deep for neighbors' guess,
And haunts too close for neighbors' eyes?

"For all the earth is thronged with foes,
And dark with fraud, and set with toils:
Each lies in wait, on each to close,
And God is bribed with share of spoils."

High in the boughs a small bird sang,
And marvelled such a creed could be.
"How strange and false?" his comment rang;
"For well I know that life is glee:

"For all the plain is flushed with bloom,
And all the wood with music rings,
And in the air is scarcely room
To wave our myriad flashing wings;

And God, amid His angels high,
Spreads over all in brooding joy;
On great wings borne, entranced they lie;
And all is bliss without alloy."

"Ah, careless birdling, say'st thou so?"
Thus mused a man, the trees among:
"Thy creed is wrong; for well I know
That life must not be spent in song

"For what is life but toil of brain,
And toil of hand, and strife of will—
To dig and forge, with loss and pain,
The truth from lies, the good from ill—

"And ever out of self to rise
Toward love and law and constancy?
But with sweet love comes sacrifice,
And with great law comes penalty.

"And God, who asks a constant soul,
He tries his creatures sore and long:
Steep is the way, and far the goal,
And time is small to waste in song."

He sighed. From Heaven an angel yearned:
With equal love his glances fell
Upon the man with soul unturned,
Upon the toad within its cell.

And, strange! upon that wondrous face
Shone pure all natures, well allied:
There subtlety was turned to grace,
And slow content was glorified;

And labor, love and constancy
Put off their dross and mortal guise,
And with the look that it is to be
They looked from those immortal eyes.

To the faint man the angel strong
Reached down from Heaven and shared his pain;
The one in tears, the one in song,
The cross was born betwixt them twain.

He sang the careless glee that lies
In woodbird's heart without alloy.
He sang the joy of sacrifice:
And still he sang, "*All* life is joy."

But how, while yet he clasped the pain,
Thrilled through with bliss the angel smiled,
I know not, with my human brain,
Nor how the two he reconciled.

Read that carefully, and you will see how wise and charitable it is—a little too charitable most of us will think. It teaches a philosophy, but still it is infused with that warmth and glow which elevate cold prose into inspiring poetry.

And we may add here, that one can hardly say of Mrs. Turner that she possesses "the true poetic *fire*;" for the fire in her is not so much fire as a chaste and tender heat. It is, in fact, the negative or feminine form of fire—but not the less a true poetic glow and warmth, which elevates the soul and its expression into that region of fervour and imagination where Apollo and the Muses dwell.

"Old and New" has very fine passages in Mrs. Turner's thoughtful style; but, as a whole, it does not seem to us artistically constructed. The song of the Stream, it seems to us, would have been better without the introduction of the Dryad and Naiad. The poem has a pieced and put-together look—and makes us a little doubtful of our author's power of constructiveness on a large scale.

"A Housekeeper's Tragedy" will please many; and should have been left in the newspapers.

The following is graceful and pretty (except the third stanza), and also essentially feminine:—

IF.

Oh, were I billow, a billow,
And thou my shore should be,
I'd gather my measure of ocean treasure,
And dance myself to thee;
I'd leave the winds aside,
And lead the lagging tide,
Resting never, and dancing ever,
To fling my life on thee.

Oh, were I a lily, a lily,
And thou a charmed bee,
I'd lure thee, and love thee, and close above thee,
And ne'er would set thee free;
The wrathful sun might pale,
The scolding winds might rail,
So, dying together, my leaves should wither
O'er thee, my love, o'er thee.

Oh, were I a willow, a willow,
And thou my breeze should be,
Still closer creeping, each small leaf steeping,
Till all were filled with thee;
Or rise in wrathful gale,
And roar through all the vale,
I'd fling, imploring, my arms adoring,
And bow, oh Storm, to thee.

Oh, were I a roselet, a roselet,
And thou my sun should be,
I'd gather the sweetness of June's completeness
In one red kiss for thee;
My heart would stand a-swoon
For pure excess of June,
Till, flushed with fulness, athirst for coolness,
It burst at last to thee.

"A Little Goose" is capital. It has gone the rounds of the papers, and was well worth preserving in Mrs. Turner's volume.

The following poem we like very much. It teaches a lesson of charity which the world needs to be taught—especially the "good" portion of it:—

EXCEPTIONAL.

Not by one gauge of fitness or unfitness
Judge we the lives around us, more than God
Asks of each plant the selfsame bloom for witness
Of equal sunshine poured upon its sod.

And judge not him whose unfamiliar nature,
Higher or lower, differs from the rest;
Springs from the old seed in new form and stature:
Crosses the gardener's rules of worst and best.

Suppose some human form, embalmed for ages,
Were suddenly to catch its soul again;
To write anew, upon Time's later pages,
Its varied chronicle of joy and pain.

His heart brim-full of memories and old yearning,
A quaint sweet harp, with none that know its tune;
His home-thoughts locked in long forgotten learning,
And none can find the key; he is alone.

He stands with outstretched arms, half sure, half fearing;
He peers in every face with anxious eye;
He listens ever in the hope of hearing
An echo to his call, but all pass by.

Yet welcome, though we comprehend not wholly,
His soul's strange idioms and peculiar needs:
Mayhap his hands, that learn our ways so slowly,
Come bearing worthy fruits and precious seeds.

From fields we know not: that far gaze, unheeding
So oft the nearest gain, the moment's bloom,
Mayhap some word from God to man is reading,
Which none would else interpret; give him room.

We pass on through a number of poems which we should like to quote, but will not—because we wish to give our readers only a taste, in order that they may be tempted to buy the volume for themselves—until we come to an old favorite:—

INCONSTANT.

I.

In the forest darkness I heard a little fountain,
Gurgling alone at the closing of the day;
Came a thirsty shepherd-girl, weary from the mountain,
Bent above the mossy curb and pushed the ferns away.
Leaned across and drank, her hands together filling;
—Low laughed the fount, though the winds made moan:—
Starts and looks again, stung with sudden thrilling,
Looking at her own name carven on the stone.

II.

Winter came, winter passed; up spoke the fountain,
Telling strange tales of the darkness and the rain.
June brought the shepherd-girl dancing from the mountain,
Peering in the ferns for the happy word again.
When she stooped above the curb all the woods were ringing,
—Low laughed the fount, while the winds made moan.—
When she rose, the air was dead; sudden ceased her singing—
Looking at the new name carven on the stone.

Is not that sad but beautiful? Don't you say it is not—or we shall set you down as a Hottentot.

But we must conclude—going back, however, to take one more flower, a pure white rose, from Mrs. Turner's chaplet. The following will do to end with:—

MISMATED.

A common spring of water, sudden welling,
Unheralded, from some unseen impelling,
Unrecognized, began his life alone.
A rare and haughty vine looked down above him,
Unclasped her climbing glory, stooped to love him,
And wreathed herself about his curb of stone.

Ah, happy fount! Content in upward smiling,
To feel no life but in her fond beguiling,
To see no world but through her veil of green!
And happy vine, secure in downward gazing,
To find one theme his heart forever praising—
The crystal cup a throne, and she the queen!

I speak. I grew about him, ever dearer;
The water rose to meet me, ever nearer;
The water passed one day his curb of stone.
Was it a weak escape from righteous boundings,
Or yet a righteous scorn of false surroundings?
I only know I live my life alone.

Alone? The smiling fountain seems to chide me—
The constant fountain rooted still beside me,
And speaking wistful words I toil to hear;
Ah, how alone! The mystic words confound me;
And still the awakened fountain yearns beyond me,
Streaming to some unknown I may not near.

"Oh, list," he cries, "the wondrous voices calling!
I hear a hundred streams in silver falling;
I feel the far-off pulses of the sea—
Oh, come!" Then all my length beside him faring,
I strive and strain for growth, and soon, despairing,
I pause and wonder where the wrong can be.

Were we not equal? Nay, I stooped, from climbing,
To his obscure, to list the golden chiming,
So faint to all the world, so plain to me.
Now, 'twere some broad fair streamlet, onward tending,
Should mate with him, and both, serenely blending,
Move in a grand accordance to the sea.

I tend not so; I hear no voices calling;
I have no care for rivers silver-falling;
I hate the far-off sea that wrought my pain.
Oh for some spell of change, my life new-aiming!
Or best, by spells his too much life reclaiming,
Hold all within the fountain-curb again!

Now, after reading that, send on for Mrs. Turner's volume.

HOW THE WORLD WAS PEOPLED. Ethnological Lectures. By REV. EDWARD FONTAINE, Professor of Theology and Natural Science, Member of the New York Historical Society, etc., etc. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada. The object of this book seems to be to prove, by a series of scientific arguments, that the different races of mankind are all descended from one original pair of parents. The author thinks he has answered satisfactorily Darwin's doctrines of evolution and natural selection. Whether he has or not, the reader can judge for himself.

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE, for May. An unusually good number. Plenty of attractive reading matter and illustrations. We are glad to see each month the series of papers upon the "Private Art Collections of Philadelphia." They do good. There is no city in the country where is shown more appreciation of art, and substantial effort in its behalf, than in Philadelphia, particularly among the more wealthy and cultivated classes. The collection of paintings, sculpture, etc., belonging to the Academy of Fine Arts in this city, is by far the finest in America, though many persons do not seem to be aware of it. Published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada.

THE GALAXY, for May. There appears to be a care taken in selecting the matter of this enterprising magazine, which we like to see. It well suits a great variety of tastes. "Historic Lovers," "Donna Lucrezia Borgia," and "The Cave of the Winds," will be enjoyed by the most romantic; while the political paper, by Gideon Welles, upon the administrations of "Lincoln and Johnson—Their plan of Reconstruction and Resumption of National Authority," will doubtless attract great attention. Published by Sheldon & Co., New York.

THE AMERICAN JOURNAL OF THE MEDICAL SCIENCES. Edited by Isaac Hays, M. D. Published by Henry C. Lea, 706 and 708 Sansom St., Philada.

GOOD-BYE, SWEETHEART! A Novel. By RHODA BROUGHTON, author of "Cometh Up as a Flower," "Red as a Rose is She," etc., etc. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada.

THE POPULAR SCIENCE MONTHLY. Conducted by E. L. Youmans. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York. A new magazine, which ought to be successful. The following headings may give some idea of its articles: "The Study of Sociology," by Herbert Spencer; "The Recent Eclipse of the Sun," by R. A. Proctor; "Science and Immortality;" "The Source of Labor;" "Disinfection and Disinfectants;" "The Causes of Dyspepsia;" "Woman and Political Power;" "The Early Superstitions of Medicine;" "Prehistoric Times," etc., etc.

On Foot in Navarre.

BY DAVID G. ADEE.

The stranger who enters Spain from the north is bewildered by the complete change he encounters. La Belle France, ever gay and pretty to the eye, fades out of the canvas, and the wild, broken ranges of the Pyrenees rise up one by one, bleak and frowning in the background. Picturesque pastures merge in brown, defiant sierras cleft to the corselet by gulches, ravines and rock-bound abysses. Nor is the character of the people unaffected by the nature of their surroundings. It has been well said that Africa begins at the Pyrenees.

The trim, jaunty peasant of the French vineland here becomes the bronzed and hardy mountaineer. In this region the old brigands once throve. Travellers by diligence in times past were wont to tremble and cast furtive glances about them when plunging into the black, unroofed caves through which the road wound, and their dismal dread was not materially allayed at seeing here and there, stuck upright in a fissure, a timber cross, to mark the spot on which some luckless wight of a wayfarer had met with pillage and foul play. By moonlight ghostly shadows fell across the solitary path, and made mule, muleteer and traveller start alike whenever a cloud-hand suddenly passed over the face of the pale orb. Even at this day it is far from safe to go on foot by this route with knapsack on shoulder, as summer tourists like to do among the Alps. But that the thing can be done without resultant harm to body and mind in early manhood, however the purse may suffer, let the following extracts from the pocket journal of an anonymous American tell.

June 1, 1870.—Jocelyn and I, having decided to try a trip on foot into Northern Spain, bought ourselves stout hobnailed shoes, Scotch-tweed suits, knapsacks and a brace of small revolvers. In our knapsacks we each carried an extra striped travelling shirt, two thin flannel under-waistcoats, half a dozen pairs of thick woollen socks, a flask for wine and a tin case to hold sandwiches. These preparations were made in London, and a few valuable hints as to the best mode of walking were obtained from our polite acquaintances of the Alpine Club.

Dashing through France by rail, but few of the war-rumors rife at Paris came to our ears, nor did we care to hear them. Riding all night, this morning at six o'clock we stopped at St. Jean de Luz, a frontier fishing-village on the coast of Navarre, where we shall breakfast and whence make a start on foot soon after.

June 2.—Yesterday, upon quitting the train, we set out in quest of a matutinal meal of any quality, provided the quantity were ample. We had resolved to cut hotels and inns, in order the better to mingle among the natives and study their habits; so, strolling off to the shore instead of going to the village, we stood and gazed awhile at the surf breaking turbulently upon the crags, and took in an excellent appetite "at the pores" from the salt sea-air.

Not far from where we loitered we saw a clay hut with potsherd roof, and lounging thither were met at the door by a burly fish-wife, who stared at us in ominous silence. Jocelyn, who has learned a little Spanish in Mexico and Cuba, mustered courage and words enough to ask if she could furnish us with *almuerzo* (breakfast.) The good woman shook her head, and answered in a patois of French and Spanish in the negative, but relented, and beckoned us in at the sound of some loose silver which Jocelyn was knowing enough to jingle in his pocket. The incident speaks well for our thorough disguise of gentility.

The hovel consisted of but one room, bare ground the floor and smoked pottery the ceiling. Some drift-wood was burning on a large flat stone in one corner, the room having no chimney, and a fetid smell of dried fish drowned everything else.

Without a word the woman proceeded to prepare some fresh bass, which she broiled on the embers and served up to us with some cold potatoes, sweet wine and hard bread, stale and crusted. Such as it was, we did ample justice to the meal, paying the price without grumbling, for the inmates of the hut were doubtless very poor. Threading the outskirts of the village, we set out at a brisk pace along a dusty country-road lined with pleasant cottages, and pushed on all the morning without meeting any novelty. At noon the sun grew so oppressive that we were glad to sink at full length under a stunted tree and fall asleep.

Toward evening we started again, and walked on until nine o'clock in the cool of the twilight, when we began to think of seeking shelter for the night. Nothing either cleanly or safe-looking had we seen since leaving St. Jean. At length a clay cabin loomed up from the horizon.

"Darkness falls apace," said Jocelyn. "I am awearyy, not to speak of blisters inside my shoes. There is a humble but welcome roadside cot: shall we appeal to human sympathy?"

"Appeal by all means; but don't you perceive a pungent odor of—of— Let me see: is it—a cage of kangaroos?"

"I do, fastidious mortal, most distinctly, but drowsiness overpowers me. I must yield."

"Jocelyn!"

"Command me."

"Do you see that villainous-looking person smoking a cigarette on the door-sill?"

"If you refer to that swarthy but amiable native with the Arkansas toothpick in his belt, I do."

"Do you think it safe to enter?"

"Safer than to sleep in the open air."

"I'm with you then."

"Usté, can you afford us a bed for the night?"

Man stares and scowls.

Aside: "Rattle your money, Jocelyn.'

Man hears it and smirks: "Enter, senoritos. I have but one chamber, but you are welcome to it. My family and myself will sleep in the shed with the assling."

In spite of our protesting that we wouldn't hear of such a thing, an earthen lamp containing fat was lighted, two frowsy women and a litter of children were hustled out of doors neck and heels, and some coarse covering was spread on a pallet by the man: after which we turned in, half clad and supperless.

An hour elapsed. "I say, Jocelyn, are you asleep?"

"Goodness, no! How can you ask?"

"What's to be done?"

"Let's go out and sleep in the straw with the donkey."

"I can't stand it any longer."

"I'm flayed alive."

So up we got, struck a light, took a peep at the bed, shuddered, gave it up as useless, tumbled down in the middle of the floor and lay there coiled till daylight, when we called the hombre, who hoped we had rested well, cooked us a bowl of garbanzos and garlic, cheated us all he dared in the change, and gave us his blessing with fervor as we departed, commending us to the especial protection of a local edition of the Virgin, understood to be peculiarly efficacious in that region.

"I guess we've had quite enough of rustic simplicity," said Jocelyn: "suppose we contrive to catch up with a hotel at nightfall henceforth?"

"Just what I was thinking."

"How do you like garbanzos?"

"That staple and nutritious article of diet may be at least appropriately named in this instance—donkey-feed."

"So say I;" and we shook hands upon it with warmth.

June 3.—Last night we put up at the Posada de las Diligencias in the town of Irun, and had two decent meals, our first in three days. We are now over the border, and clearly within the boundaries of Spain.

The day was cloudy and close when we set out, and the air so dense that we soon felt fatigued, and were glad to rest by the roadside. As we sat there perspiring, a little mule came ambling along with a fat, red-faced priest set on his back like a bag of meal, who good-naturedly saluted us, and stopped to wipe the drops from his dripping brow.

"Buenos dias, caballeros! Warm weather this, but good for the crops and grass. Have you travelled far?"

We told him.

"It is dangerous for gentlemen to journey on foot in these parts. Men have been murdered hereabouts. You should have a guide."

It hadn't occurred to us before.

"Si, senores, by all means employ a native to take you over the mountains."

"Many thanks!"

As the puffing father jogged on we mooted the point of hiring a guide, and finally decided in the affirmative. We must have one to-morrow, if possible, as we are now nearing the wilder passes of the Pyrenees.

June 6.—We are among the snowy sierras of Spain. At Vera, one of a cluster of hillside hamlets, we found a lazy, lounging fellow, Jacobo by name, whom we hired for the round trip, and Anglicised or Yankeesized into *Jake*. He wears the national costume of Navarro, has a long moustache, says he has seen service in the Spanish army, but is quite foggy as to when and where, and presents the general aspect of a reformed but regretful ruffian. As we all marched together out of Vera, the villagers eyed us with sternness and shook their heads suspiciously, as if we were three unhung highwaymen out for a lark, and I am afraid it is somehow on Jake's account. The steep and rugged road led us up a pays which commands a fine view of the lovely valley of Vera, with its almost Swiss chalets and broad wooded slopes. At the flattest part of the path we stopped to lunch upon the contents of our cases and a bottle of Val de Penas, which Jake of Spain had stuck in his girdle like a blunderbuss. To balance it, he bore an ugly Albacete knife, about two feet and a half in length, on the other side. As he uncorked the bottle for us by means of this blade, he really looked so very untrustworthy that Jocelyn said to him, with seriousness, "Jake, my friend, how many rivals have you killed in your time?"

"Only one, senor, but many enemies."

"How many of those?"

"Dozens, senor."

"Ah! Let us hear about the rival. You needn't mind the enemies."

"Bien, senores, it was in this fashion: I was an innkeeper's boy at Sanguesa before I went to the wars and slew the enemies. I was a very docile lad, and used to pray to our Lady of the Snows thrice a day. But ah, senores! love, love got possession of me by stealth, and made me unhappy. It was with Manuel's daughter, Teresa, that I fell in love."

"Who was Manuel?"

"Ah, si: he was the inkeeper of Sanguesa with whom I lived. Teresa used to make bunuelos as well as the best, and I would help her ladle them out of the pot of boiling oil; but she would never let me sprinkle on the sugar—that was her province. Well, I loved her, and she said she loved me; but ah, these women, senores! they are all the same—fickle."

He seemed so overcome at this point of his narrative that we offered him a glass of the wine in our tin cup, which he took and drank with much dignity.

"Gracias, senores! One July day about dark a traveller from Pamplona put up with us, and after he had dined came out to smoke and look about him. He was young and handsome, and his evil eye fell upon Chica, as I used to call Teresa, and he engaged her in conversation—the piece of deceit!—while I turned away burning with rage in my heart of hearts.

"Next morning Chica and he sat talking together a full hour, and I saw she loved him. She had put on her best ribbon for him—the very ribbon I had given her on her birthday, senores, and which she swore before the Virgin she would only wear for my sake.

"On the succeeding evening she slipped out so slyly, and they walked in the road under the trees with the moonlight shining on them. I saw them. Ah, senores, these women they are all the same!" (with an appealing glance at the bottle, but we were not to be touched twice by the same sentiment.) "It was too much: I vowed to have his life. I did not speak to Chica that night, but went away by myself and thought and thought. At midnight I packed up my bundle, and left it at the foot of the steps. Then softly I stole to the door of the stranger's room, and, finding it bolted, climbed out of the window above and dropped down on his shutter. Swinging into the chamber, I crept up to the bed, and just then the moonlight burst out of a cloud and shone full upon it. He was there sleeping soundly. He never heard me. The knife went in deep. A single shudder and he was gone. Noiselessly I fled from the room, and bundle in hand stole from the inn and the town forever. Ah, these women! they are too much for us, senores."

It would have been simply cruel to deny him a drop of solace after so much tragedy, so another bumper of Val de Penas helped to wash down his bitter memories.

"Would you like to hear about the enemies, senores?"

"No, no, thank you—not to-day. One murder at a time is quite sufficient. But what became of Teresa?—did you never hear?"

"Si senor. In the morning when she saw the horrid thing, she shrieked and fell in a fit to the floor—a raving maniac."

"Are you sure the enemies are all dead?"

"All, senor; I killed them myself."

To-night we sleep at Sumbillar, and I write this by the way.

June 10.—We have parted with Jake. On the morning of the 7th, when we were ready to pursue our way the fellow was not to be found, and his absence detained us at Sumbillar until noon. To pass the time until he chose to reappear, Jocelyn and I climbed an abrupt cliff, shady and moss-crowned, from which we drank in the charming prospect below. Hills or mountains, rather, tower up on every hand, and hem in this warm, wooded dell, divided by the glancing, golden waters of the Bidasoa.

It was this river, it will be remembered, across which Marshal Soult retreated with a crippled army after his severe repulse by Lord Wellington at the bridge of Jaoci in the summer of 1813. Now, however, the stream was tranquil enough, and bore no relics upon its sunny bosom of scenes of blood and woe.

About midday Jake returned.

"Well," said Jocelyn, "I hope we have occasioned you no inconvenience?"

"Not the slightest, senores."

"We didn't know but you had gone to look after a last surviving enemy."

"You are pleased to be merry, senor. Oh no; I merely went on an errand of mercy" (crossing himself). "You see, senores, my aged mother of ninety dwells at Elizondo, and I embraced this providential opportunity to carry her all I can spare of my wages." (He had been paid in advance, by-the-by.) "Think of it, senores, and have pity—an aged mother of ninety!"

"I begin to doubt," said Jocelyn when we were again well on our way, "whether our friend Jake here is not only habitually addicted to falsehood, but a treacherous varlet as well. You remember what the old priest told us of robbers. We had best keep a sharp eye on him; don't you think so?"

"Pshaw! what can he do? There are two of us with seven shots apiece, and the days of brigandage are over, if they ever existed except in the crazy brains of hypochondriacs. If you doubt him, let us show him our pistols."

"No, keep quiet. I am anxious to test the question whether I am merely nervous."

Jake was moody and taciturn all day. We did a good afternoon's work, got far on our course toward Lanz, and felt a complacent consciousness that we were really accomplishing what we had set out to do, without let or hindrance.

The evening set in bleak and heavy. We were in a high hill district, some seven or eight thousand feet above sea level, and not quite three miles from our night's goal, through Jake's dilatory proceedings in the morning. Black masses of cloud shut down upon the crooked ravines like a roof, save when they were rent by the rising wind and tossed angrily about. A peal of thunder afar off finally broke on the ear, and things began to look ominous and black with evil, particularly Jocelyn's bright eye, which was never that of a man to be trifled with.

"Don't say anything to this knave," he said very quietly.

I knew what lay underneath that perfect composure. Perhaps it would have been better for Jake of Spain if he had known also.

A few drops of rain came pattering down on the rocks. Night had closed in, and with it a settled storm. We all kept on in silence. Suddenly we missed our guide. He had vanished from before us, and was not to be seen anywhere.

"Now," said Jocelyn in a whisper, "we are near the denouement. Cock your pistol in your pocket, and put your hand over the nipple to keep it dry. Best wrap your handkerchief about your hand. Steady!"

It had grown very dark, and the path was slippery, but we managed to hold to it by feeling, there being soil upon it which gave a softer, smoother surface than the stones at either side. No more thunder sounded. It had set in for a steady summer rain in right good earnest. Our position was anything but comfortable between drenching and apprehensions of danger.

"Is your pistol dry?" said Jocelyn hoarsely—"mine is wet."

I felt my revolver, and found it dripping and useless. "For gracious' sake, Jocelyn, what shall we do? We are defenceless."

Our plight had been deplorable enough before; it was now growing critical. We had both stopped, and were listening with painful intensity—we knew not why.

"Fred," said Jocelyn under his breath and clutching my arm, "don't stir, for your life. I just now put out my foot and can find no ground. We are standing on the brink of a precipice!"

We both breathed hard, and remained as still as statues. A light flashed up from below us, and went out again abruptly. Again it shone full in our faces. I felt myself thrown violently on my back. A struggle short and fierce took place about me, something fell, striking among the trees, and I heard the word "Dios!" uttered beneath somewhere, in a trembling voice.

"Fred," shouted Jocelyn, "speak!"

"Jocelyn," I cried, "here! here!"

A hand grasped me hard: "Quick! Are you hurt? Come!"

I sprang to my feet, and hand in hand Jocelyn and I dashed down the steep hill or bluff for several minutes.

"We must take to the rocks," said Jocelyn.

After a lapse of time which neither of us took the pains to compute we paused, gasping, exhausted.

"I guess we are out of harm's way," said Jocelyn; "we can take it easier."

"Did you not throw somebody over the cliff, Jocelyn?"

"Yes," said he coolly. "I believe that scamp Jake, but I'm not sure."

"He must be a footpad."

"Well, yes, in plain English, and a cut-throat in Spanish. I say, Fred, how about hypochondriacs' crazy brains—eh?"

Morning had dawned before we obtained refuge from the beating tempest in the cramped, rude hut of a grazier or shepherd, quite as shaggy in person as Orson. Primitive as it was, we there ate garbanzos without grumbling, dried our clothes, and slept on the bare floor all day with great gusto. Whether it was Jake of Spain who got his quietus, or one of his comrades in crime, we have no means of hearing in our retreat; but I am thankful to say that neither Jocelyn nor I seem to be any the worse for our wetting and little midnight adventure with the mountain marauders.

June 15.—We are still wandering among the sierra ranges of Navarre, having penetrated as far as Casada with infinite pleasure to ourselves. Park-like valleys, rich in shade and verdure, stretch beneath us for miles, watered by trickling, pebbly brooks, here called gabas, and by attenuated mountain torrents. Rocky crags wall the purple gorges into which it makes one so dizzy to peep that he is fain to let go his hold on the brink and sink down, down, down to destruction. And all this clustering beauty is canopied with the clearest of azure skies, flecked bountifully with fleecy cloud-wreaths. Plainly in this favored region only man, passionate and pinched with care and want, is pitiable in his stupor, squalor and superstition. The flora is curious and choice. We have culled many valuable specimens to take home.

June 20.—Doubling upon our tracks, we are now within a day's lazy walk of Elizondo. Tiring of purposeless sauntering, it occurred to Jocelyn to trace out Jake's venerable parent by way of diversion, and get from her a few facts relative to her worthy hopeful's career and present whereabouts. We have cleaned and loaded our revolvers, and are sanguine of being found equal to any ordinary emergency. By to-morrow we shall know something more—or nothing. This rough, roving life is certainly conducive to health and hardihood. We are both

as hearty as if we were not by lot denizens of cities, and bound down daily in professional pursuits to the enervation and confinement of sedentary study.

June 23.—The reputation of Jake of Spain does not improve upon closer inspection. After a sound night's rest at the Posada de Archea at Elizondo, and capital refreshment next morning, Jocelyn and I equipped ourselves with fishing-tackle in case we should feel inclined to take a trout on the way, and set out to seek Madame Jake, senior. Nobody at the posada had ever heard of that estimable but most unfortunate female of venerable years, so we had to trust the matter to our lucky stars, which had well befriended us so far. The vale of Baztan in which the town of Elizondo nestles and hides, opens up finely to the view at this particular point, and numerous mountain roads radiate hence, stony and steep. Trouting for a couple of hours is lively sport if the fish are willing, as they were not with us; at the end of which piscatory repulse we buckled bravely to the task of discovery with all the vim of Bow street detectives. An old woodman with a log on his head, *a la Espagnole*, hove most opportunely in sight. His answers were intelligent. There were several mothers of ninety in Israel, but none who owned a Jake that he knew of. "Jacobo? bien!" There was a young fellow of that name who belonged to a *young* woman in the hollow yonder; there was no old woman, however, but a whole huttful of nut-brown bantlings. With some wonder shadowed in our faces, well bronzed just then by the "livery of the burnished sun," Jocelyn and I made a beeline for the "hollow yonder."

It was easily seen, but hard to climb to, for the hollow was in fact no hollow at all, but a slippery ledge high up on the hillside. We got to it at last. Some half dozen children of both sexes were tumbling about in the dirt with untamed freedom, and at the interruption of our presence one little urchin, bearing an appalling resemblance to Jake of Spain, stared up at us for an instant, and ran off frightened into the house. Directly, a rather plump, blooming woman of twenty-five, much marked from hard work and exposure to the weather, came to the door with a bold, self-possessed swagger, and eyed us keenly for several minutes. We went toward her.

"Does Jacobo the guide dwell here?"

"He is away, senoritos."

"You are his wife, and these are his children?"

"Si, senoritos."

"Where is his mother?"

"Dead, senoritos, these twenty years. Why seek you Jacobo? Want you a guide?"

"Si, senora—one for the mountains. When can we look for his return?"

"He is away now for more than a fortnight—I know not where."

"Ah!"

We consulted for a moment in English, when Jocelyn resumed the cross-questioning: "How long have you been married, senora?"

"Ten years, come next San Isidro, senoritos."

"Were you born at Elizondo?"

"No, senoritos—at Sanquesa."

"Did you know one Manuel, an innkeeper at that place?"

"Ah, si, senoritos. I am his only daughter."

Jocelyn and I exchanged significant glances.

"Did not Jacobo once kill a stranger there from Pamplona, out of jealousy?"

"Oh no, senorito. Jacobo is a peaceable fellow, and never harmed a soul, to my knowledge."

"Has he not been to the wars?"

"No, senorito. He is nothing but an honest mountain-guide."

"Jocelyn," said I, "there must be some mistake here. May there not be two Jacobos?"

Jocelyn pondered, and then replied—

"My dear fellow, that black-eyed boy peeping around his mother's skirt is a sufficient proof that we are right. We are on the trail of the knave, but how are we to catch him?—that's the question. Senora, we have heard much of Jacobo the guide. Will you have the kindness to run down to the inn as soon as he comes home, and let us know of his return? We want him very much, and will pay him well. Here is a peseta for the little one."

"Si, senoritos—muchas gracias!"

When we were clear of her, Jocelyn said, "The scamp will suspect who we are, and be off again like a shot, I am afraid. But we can't sit here all night watching his lair. It won't pay."

"I wonder," said I, "if the woman surmises what sort of coin we intend to reward her worthy husband in when he turns up?"

"The fellow may be dead by this time, and poor Teresa (or Chica) there a 'widow with six small children,' according to the formulary. He had a pretty hard fall."

And so it all might be.

June 24.—But it wasn't. "Rogues and renegades are fire-and-water-proof," runs the Castilian adage.

This morning, at the hour the larks regale themselves with song, a knock at our bedroom door disturbed the placid current of our dreams. Imagine our amazement when, in obedience to our crusty bidding, the redoubtable Jacobo himself, *in propria persona*, deliberately walked into the room, and gave us the top of the morning in Spanish, without the slightest show of embarrassment! Jocelyn and I, each supported upon an elbow and with mouth wide open, gazed long and stupidly at the early intruder, without uttering a word.

Jocelyn was the first to gain his presence of mind: "Will you be so obliging as to throw open that shutter, my good fellow? So! Gracias! Where were you hurt?"

"Hurt! hurt, senor?"

"Yes—when I flung you over the ledge?"

"I, senor? You must be still asleep. No ledge have I fallen over since my tender boyhood. I was a very gentle child, senores."

Even Jocelyn was staggered. "Well, you are an imp! Are you not bruised?"

"Not a bit. Why should I be, senor?"

"Tell me, if you please, as truthfully as you are able, what became of you when you gave us the slip that night among the mountains?"

"Assuredly, senor. I will be as candid as a new-born donkey. You may trust me implicitly, except with a rival and enemies; there I am dangerous. You must know that when I lost you in the darkness of that storm on the poyo, I sought about for some hours, thinking you were hiding from me in jest—it would have been a likely practical joke, senores—then I slowly went back to Sambillar to ask for you, but you had not been seen there. I even told them there that you might have fallen in with thieves. At the end of several days I started for Elizondo, with the intention of retracing my steps to Vera, in hopes of obtaining another engagement as guide, for my integrity and honor are common topics of conversation among my friends. They all love me, senores."

"Jocelyn," said I, "what ought to be done with this rascal? Will you get up and give him a kicking, or shall I?"

Without replying, Jocelyn sat up slowly in bed, his countenance aglow with humor, and making a profound obeisance to Jake of Spain, addressed him as follows: "Senor Jacobo, your humble servant! I have met in my time a few expert diplomatists, but I think they must yield the palm of duplicity to you. You should seek service with the ingenuous Napoleon III. You have despatched a rival who never existed, slaughtered enemies by the dozen that lived and died but in your brain, and but the other day relieved the pressing exigencies of an aged mother of ninety who has been sleeping quietly in her grave for the last twenty years. In addition to these little miracles, you betrayed us, your benefactors, to your vile accomplices in cold blood, and would have robbed and, perhaps, murdered us, if we had been such cowards as you, or if I had not thrown you like carrion from the crag. However, we will refrain on your helpless family's account from handing you over to justice, and let you go about your villainy unharmed, if you will kindly explain to my friend and myself here how you contrived to escape unscathed from your fall among the rocks, for down you certainly went if I can believe my senses. Can you tell the truth for once in your bad life?"

Jake smiled, bowed low, and rolled up his eyes with mock sanctity as he made answer: "Illustrisimos senores, the precipice over which you so angrily hurled me that dark and stormy night with murderous intent, happened, by the grace of God and our Lady, to be only about four feet and a half high, and at its base was a bed of mountain-moss, which held me as comfortably as a cushion. That is all. Adois, senores!"

"Jake," called out Jocelyn after him as he withdrew, "present my most distinguished respects to the innkeeper's daughter of Sanquesa."

"Bien, caballeros—muchas gracias!"

And the fellow sprang airily down stairs, whistling with easy insolence the merry Jota Aragonese.

June 27.—On leaving Elizondo we decided to regain France by the famous pass of Roncesvalles. Walking at a round but not too tiresome pace, we kept to the beaten road, and stopping at nightfall at a wretched half-way post-house, rose early next morning and pushed on briskly. About noon we struck the gorge whence the path diverges, rested on a narrow knoll, lunched and read our guide-book, which we found far more reliable than a live guide such as ours had proved.

The hamlet of Roncesvalles lies in a lovely meadow carpeted by a velvet lawn and canopied by lofty forest trees—one of the finest pastoral plateaus in the world. As it broke upon us we involuntarily paused and pondered in delight. The ruined Augustan convent of our Lady of the Dale still stand as a sentry over the Virgin of Roncesvalles' beautiful valley-home.

We were glad to see that the village posada was almost opposite this forest sanctuary, and from the little window of our chamber we commanded a superb view of it, especially after the moon arose and its orange-tinted beams quivered among the broken towers and turrets. Truly it was a magic scene, such as the fancy loves to dwell upon throughout a life-time.

The ground about Roncesvalles is classic in history. During the eighth century the Emperor Charlemagne ruthlessly invaded Navarre at the front of a noble army bearing the saintly banner of the Cross, in order to drive out the caitiff followers of the Crescent from so fair a heritage. But, unfortunately, Moor and Spaniard, Mohammedan and Catholic, turban and plumed helmet flocked together with one accord under the same battle-flag, raised the stern war-cry of "Arm against Frances!" and chose the brave Bernardo del Carpio for their common chieftain. At Roncesvalles the battle was fought with extraordinary desperation; the great emperor of the West, after prodigies of personal prowess, was forced to withdraw; the carnage was merciless, and scores of mailed knights and their devoted henchmen were made to bite the dust in death. Both Cross and Crescent claimed the honor of victory, and Christian Charlemagne lost his best chivalry on that disastrous day.

The ballads of Bernardo are still chanted by the rustics of Navarre as they drive their flocks homeward at night, and in them the rout is ascribed wholly to the beneficent interposition of the Blessed Virgin of the Valley—a fact never doubted by any true Spanish believer. The Moors, on the contrary, attributed the exceeding happy result of the conflict to the combined favor of Allah and Mohammed in smiling unison. Charlemagne himself, however, is reported to have stoutly maintained to the last that the scurvy business was brought about solely by the wiles of the devil, in his ecstacy at seeing the holy Cross and infidel Crescent warring side by side in the bonds of fellowship. Who shall presume, after these, to advance an opinion?

June 30.—To-day we start by donkey diligence for the nearest railroad station, tired of footing it, wiser by a month of novelty, and lighter in weight, spirits and pocket than when we set out upon our tramp.—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

MODERN "ROBINSON CRUSOES."

The Opinione Nationale publishes a curious story of two boys, aged about twelve, who, fresh from the reading of "Robinson Crusoe," and tired of the restraints of a school and civilized life, had run away from home to imitate De Foe's hero in a desert country. The field they chose for their adventures had the advantage of being nearer home than Juan Fernandez—an island on the Seine, between Asnieres and Neuilly. A boatman was crossing that piece of waste land a few evenings back, when he was surprised to see smoke issuing from a hole in the ground and to hear juvenile voices. He soon discovered the entrance to a sort of cavern, the opening of which had been concealed by brushwood; and, continuing his search, disturbed the young truants just as they were preparing their supper of four potatoes, cooking in the embers. They had besides a store of provisions, consisting of four rolls, some pieces of gingerbread, and part of a saveloy; and had also come prepared to renew their larder by fishing and hunting, one contributing a line and hooks, and the other a bow and arrow; with the latter they said they had already killed a water rat and cooked it. Their bed consisted of a heap of shavings which they had found in a barge. The boys, when questioned, said they lived in the Avenue de Neuilly, and had been on the island for two days; they were evidently getting tired of this new existence, as they allowed the man to take them back to their parents, who had been almost in despair at their absence.

Cundurango.

Cundurango, it is reported, has recently been subjected to a protracted trial in the cancer wards of the Middlesex Hospital, London, and the physicians of that institution have arrived at the conclusion that the alleged remedy has no effect whatever upon cancer. A short time ago the two medical gentlemen who had been conducting the investigation read papers describing the experiments before the Clinical Society of London. It was stated that not a single indication of improvement had been observed in any of the cases treated by cundurango, and that in fact the disease of cancer either ran its usual course or the patients showed symptoms of derangements of the system, which might fairly be attributed to the alleged remedy.

☞ A man named Charles Rose, residing in Somerset county, Pa., recently walked fifty miles in twelve hours and carried a healthy baby in his arms all the way. He is fifty-three years of age, and offers to do a hundred miles, unincumbered with the youngster, in twenty-one and one-half hours.

☞ The surest way to "kick up a row" is to kick a rowdy.

☞ An Indiana maiden, suing for breach of promise, has put in evidence not only the letters of the faithless one, but also her own, to show the depth of ruined affection.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

PROFESSOR MORSE.

THE WORLD EXPRESSING ITS LOSS IN HIS DEATH.

On Tuesday, the 16th of April, the whole world united in paying homage to the memory of a great man—Samuel Finley Breese Morse, the inventor of the electric telegraph. From every city and town throughout America, Europe, Asia, Africa, and Oceanica at which a telegraphic station is, despatches have been received telling of meetings held in his honor, and of resolutions adopted expressive of the gratitude owed to him by all mankind for the untiring perseverance and industry that he displayed in bringing to perfection and giving to the world the invention that has been so inestimable a blessing to the human race. One of the largest and most earnest of these meetings was held in the House of Representatives of the United States. Speaker Blaine presided, assisted by Vice President Colfax. Among those present were the President of the United States, his Cabinet, the Supreme Court Judges, and the Governors of the States, either in person or by proxy. After a few introductory remarks by Speaker Blaine, appropriate resolutions were read, and speeches were made by Senator Patterson and Representatives Wood, Garfield and Cox. Cyrus W. Field read telegrams from London, Bombay, Batavia, Singapore and Hong Kong, and the Speaker announced the receipt of telegrams from Philadelphia, Boston, New York, Montreal, St. Louis, St. Paul and a very large number of other cities and towns on this continent. After addresses by Representatives Voorhees and Banks, the meeting closed with benediction by the Rev. Dr. Butler.

A large meeting of the scientific and scholarly men of Philadelphia was also held in the chamber of the Common Council. Addresses were made by Hon. Benjamin Harris Brewster, Professor K. E. Rogers, and Mr. David Brooks, and a poem recited by Mr. Beidler. Appropriate resolutions were passed, and despatches from all the principal cities in the Union, the Canadas, and Insular and Continental Europe, received.

Never before has mortal man been honored by an ovation like unto this. Full of years and honors, the great inventor has passed away, leaving behind him a sorrowing world, whose pæans follow him to the tomb.

ITEMS

In the Supreme Court of the United States, on the 15th inst., the Chief Justice gave a decision in the Utah cases, reversing the action of Judge McKean. The jurors in these cases were challenged on the ground that they had not been drawn by lot in accordance with the Territorial law, but the challenge was overruled by the judge. It is here held that all matters connected with the designation of jurors are subject to the regulation of the Territorial law, and that the challenge to the array should have been allowed, and the judgment of the court below is therefore reversed—and all the Mormon trials held to be illegal.

At Leesburg, Va., a man named Charles E. Lloyd, died very suddenly four years ago. In 1870 his two sons died suddenly, and subsequently his two daughters and a female relative sickened and died in a similar manner. The last girl died on March 23d. Suspicion being aroused, a coroner's jury was summoned, the body of the child exhumed, and the stomach sent to Baltimore for analysis. The druggist's register showed that quantities of arsenic had been sold to the wife of Mr. Lloyd previous to the death of each victim, and last Saturday Professor Torr announced that he had discovered 1½ grains of arsenic in the stomach of the girl. The coroner's jury, therefore, rendered a verdict against Mrs. Lloyd, and she was arrested on the 15th of April, and has been committed to jail, to await the action of the grand jury, on the charge of murder committed through the administration of poison. Five bodies are to be exhumed and subjected to a chemical analysis.

During the quarter ending March 31st, there arrived at New York 28,203 immigrants, of whom 8881 were females. Great Britain and Ireland sent 11,502, including 3948 from Ireland; Germany, 12,479; France, 1386, and Italy, 766.

Elder Musser, the Mormon telegraph superintendent at Salt Lake City, has been making a wild speech, in the course of which he said that rather than surrender a single principle of their religion the Mormons would make a Moscow of Salt Lake City.

Fire Marshal Williams, of Chicago, in his annual report, says the great fire lasted twenty-eight hours and destroyed 25,000 buildings, covering an area of 2000 acres. The total loss he places at $190,526,500, and the insurance at $90,000,000.

Small-pox is slightly on the increase in New York city.

On the 18th inst. the House Foreign Relations Committee had up Mr. Peters's resolution to withdraw the consequential claims from the Geneva Commission. The expression in the committee was pretty general that an unwise thing had been done in making them up; that the presentation of the claim for indirect damages was calculated to prevent an amicable adjustment of the differences between the United States and Great Britain. On motion of Mr. Wood, the chairman of the committee, Gen. Banks, was requested to communicate with Secretary Fish on the subject, and report to the committee at its next meeting on Tuesday next.

The total vote of Connecticut, at the recent election, according to the official report, was 93,098. Jewell, Rep., received 46,563 votes; Hubbard, Dem., 44,562; Gillette, Temperance, 1549; Harrison, Labor Reform, 339; scattering, 25. Majority for Jewell over Hubbard, 2001; over all, 28. The other Republican candidates for State officers received majorities ranging from 410 to 531. The State Senate stands 15 Republicans to 6 Democrats; the House 191 Republicans to 111 Democrats.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The marriage of the Marquis of Bute to the daughter of Lord Howard took place on the morning of April 16th, at the Roman Catholic oratory at Brompton. The wedding ceremonies were witnessed by a great crowd of persons. Baroness Burdett Coutts, the Duchess of Argyle, Baron Rothschild, Duke of Norfolk, and many other noble personages were presented to the newly-married couple. Among the many presents sent to the bride, was a set of cameo brooches from the Pope.

The Marquis of Bute was born in 1847. He is the third Marquis, and is a Deputy Lieutenant for the County of Ayr, Scotland, hereditary keeper of Rothesay Castle, and the patron, although now a Roman Catholic, of twelve benefices or "livings" in the Established Church of England. He is enormously rich, his income exceeding $5,500,000 per annum, independent of the savings of this huge revenue during a long minority. His conversion to the Roman Catholic Church some years since, with his open profession of that faith in Rome, produced a deep sensation in the Christian world. He is supposed to be the original of "Lothair," Disraeli's novel of that name. The Crichton-Stuart family descends from an illegitimate son of King Robert the Second of Scotland.

The ancestors and family of the bride, the Howards, of Norfolk, have ever been Roman Catholics. The Duke of Norfolk, of the moment, has always been recognized as the Premier Duke and Earl of Britain, and at each succeeding coronation of the monarchs of the kingdom names, in his capacity of Earl Marshal, the knight who offers battle in his behalf and that of the nation to any disputant of the royal title to the throne.

LONDON, April 18.—[Special to New York World.]—Bismarck has sent an ultimatum that the French army shall be forthwith reduced to 225,000 men, and hints that in case of refusal it will be necessary for Germany to establish a French Government which Germany can trust.

The London Daily Telegraph makes a statement to the effect that serious difficulties have arisen between France and Germany, and says: "We deem it our duty to declare the certain and solemn fact that upon President Thiers' decision this week depends the fate of France. We are not speaking rhetorically; we measure anxiously these most grave and momentous words. On Monday Count Von Arnim, the German Ambassador to France, carried the ultimatum to President Thiers. The purport of this ultimatum is that Germany sees in the French army bill, and in the speeches of President Thiers, menaces of vengeance, and a programme for the eventual repudiation by France of her indebtedness to Germany. Prince Bismarck, therefore, demands that the armaments of France be reduced, and the war estimates diminished, or the alternative will be the reoccupation by German troops of the evacuated French territory, and war if necessary."

The assertions of the London Telegraph that its statements relative to the critical condition of the relations between France and Germany are true, flattens the market.

Gen. William T. Sherman, Col. J. C. Audenried, and Lieut. Grant, of the United States Army, who are now visiting Constantinople, will soon depart for a tour through Russia.

LATEST OFFICIAL ANNOUNCEMENT—THE REPORTED DIFFICULTY WITH GERMANY.

PARIS, April 19.—Members of the Ministry authorize the emphatic denial of the statements recently published regarding the apprehended difficulty between France and Germany. The German government neither attempted nor contemplated any interference with the military organization now progressing in France.

☞ A Philadelphia girl being asked if she had not once been engaged "to a party by the name of Jackson," who was at the time a student at the University, languidly replied, "I remember the circumstance perfectly, but I am not certain about the name."

☞ The last California earthquake had the effect of suddenly curing several lame beggars in San Francisco.

☞ Mrs. Potter Palmer is the belle of Washington, and the capital's beaux are as clay in the hands of the potter.

☞ A note from a gentleman who was "snowed up" in Maine, states that during the last storm too much snow was blown through the keyhole of the outside door of the house where he was stopping, and that it took two men two days to shovel it out. And that wasn't the hardest storm of the month by any means.

☞ A worthy deacon in a town somewhere or other gave notice at a prayer meeting the other night of a church meeting that was to be held immediately after, and unconsciously added: "There is no objection to the female brethren remaining." This reminds us of a clergyman who told in his sermon last Sunday of a very affecting scene, where "there wasn't a dry tear in the house."

☞ The Postmaster of Ituska, Mich., receives a salary of $12 per annum.

☞ The fashion of throwing an old slipper after the carriage of a newly-married couple, is supposed to mean that the chances of matrimony are very slippery.

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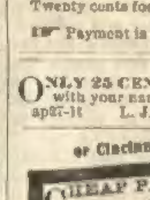

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Yours, respectfully, HENRY HARTON, 84 Nassau street.

A Voice from Pittsburgh, Pa.

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WIT AND HUMOR.

LEAP YEAR WAGGERIES.

A San Francisco paper, in describing a leap-year party at San Leandro, at which the ladies, as in duty bound, played the gallant, gives the following descriptions of the toilettes of the gentlemen:—Jacob Price was attired in a beautiful black claw-hammer, cut *decollette*, with court train, and buttons of the same on the back. Open in front, it disclosed an elegant pair of studs, an immaculate bosom, and a mauve scarf, tied with exquisite taste; lavender kids. J. D. Smith, a charming blonde, was also attired in a broadcloth swallow-tail cut square in the neck, *en train*, open in front, disclosing an elegant pin with a pearl glistening on the end, a ruffled shirt snowy white and trimmed *en arabesque*, with Byzantine flutings, hair *a la* Apollo Belvidere, with puffings at the back. Very stylish and much admired. A. B. Lawrie, a fascinating brunette, with lovely eyes, was attired in a well-starched shirt cut *a la* Julius Cæsar, and trimmed with French bobbinet; swallow-tail *en train*, flounced and trimmed with black tape, with pockets of the same. An exquisite pair of tight black pants, cut *a la* Laocoon, with spring bottoms. A Shakspeare collar and a delicate lemon tie completed the picture. Hair *a la* Marc Antony—absent on top. J. B. Stanford, a stately *chataine*, was attired in a heavy corded red dress coat, cut *a la* Black Prince, with court train; heavy broadcloth buttons on the panier, which were very conspicuous; and a delicate salmon-colored tie, with kids to match. Hair *a la* Shakspeare—nearly all gone. Ben Marston, the beau of the evening, was simply attired in a clean shirt, with collar to match; elegant beaver claw-hammer, cut *decollette*, with buttons at the back. A white Marseilles vest and delicately-shaped pantaloons, with back pockets, gave the *coup de grace* to many a fair heart and completed the beauteous picture. His hair was parted in the middle, gently festooned on each side and looped up with stick pomade. Very stylish. Marshal Shaffner, a bewitching *chataine*, wore an elegant coat with delicate tails, pantaloons to match. A delicate mauve satin tie gave a thoughtful appearance to his lofty brow, which was admirably draped and festooned with beautiful chestnut hair. F. Bryant, a charming blonde, looked exceedingly bewitching in a white open-bosomed shirt, with applique ruffles and bobbinet insertions. His dress coat was unexceptionable, as also was his Marseilles vest. Hair frilled in front and scrolled at the back *a la* Bismarck. Nosh Lee, an entrancingly beautiful *chataine*, was elegantly gotten up in a broadcloth coat cut *demi train*, with bias trimmings on the tails. Very neat and appropriate. Hair *a la* Paul Clifford. Lilies in his button-hole. Mr. Collins, a rare beauty of the blonde type, was attired in a light-blue necktie, with boots to match. Very neat and much admired. J. M. Estudilo, a charming brunette, and one of the beaux of the evening, was attired in a black swallow-tail coat, cut square in the neck, with court train. Exceedingly charming. Among the ladies present were Mrs. J. L. Smith, Mrs. G. B. Stanford, Mrs. P. R. Bowen and Mrs. Webber.

VISIT TO A FEMALE SEMINARY.

A punning correspondent of the New York Sun recently visited a female seminary, and here is his account of it:

The boss school-master showed me round, and the sweetest lot of lasses I ever saw were those lasses. They beat lasses candy. It was like looking at a great big patch of ripe strawberries, all of 'em sweet, but here and there one of 'em a little bigger than the rest, and somehow I liked the biggest ones best. I told the boss that I didn't think this could be a good school.

Says he: "Why?"

Said I: "There are too many misses here for correct lessons."

Then he called up a lovely girl in green merino, with a yellow silk string round her neck, and she stepped up to a nice clean blackboard and took a piece of chalk and daubed it all up. Then the boss exclaimed: "What do you think of that?"

I told him that any fool could make white marks on to a blackboard with a piece of chalk. "Give her a piece of charcoal," says I, "and if she makes them white marks with that, then she will be smart."

Then he said it was from memory.

"No!" said I, "you don't say that is from memory; what in thunder is the thing anyhow?" It looked like a specimen of kalsomining.

"Why," said he, "that is the map of Asia."

"Drawn by a minor," said I; "that makes it Asia Minor."

Then he asked me what I took it for, and I told him I took it for a skating pond. That ended the geography exercises, and we went to mathematics. The boss told me to give 'em a problem to solve. I did, and I don't think they have solved it yet. I got up and I said:

"My dear young ladies, I propose to you the following problem, and I'll give you ten minutes to stick your fingers in your ears, and rock to and fro to solve it:—If it takes one hundred years for a hard-shell clam to hop one mile on one foot, avoirdupois measure, how long will it take a locomotive going forty miles an hour to reach its destination, apothecaries' weight?"

They couldn't one of 'em do it. One wanted to know how old the clam was, another where the destination; in fact, they wanted me to do the sum for 'em, and I got disgusted and left.

THE SECRET OUT.

Professor Agassiz has written home to say: "I am satisfied, since I have examined the tomocaris piercei, that trilobites are not any more closely related to the phyllopods than to any other entromostraca or to the isipods."

Ever since we have known the Professor we have been painfully oppressed with the conviction that he had a secret sorrow preying upon his mind. He tried to hide the fact from us by singing comic songs and playing lively tunes upon his concertina, but without avail; his profound melancholy told too plainly the story of his woe. We tried to obtain from him a confession of the cause of his anguish, but in vain. We know it now. His mind was haunted by an indescribable apprehension that "trilobites" *were* "more closely related to the phyllopods than to other entromostraca or to the isipods." If he had discovered that the contrary really was the case, we fear that his sensitive nature could not have endured the agony which must have distracted him. He would have sunk beneath it. How thankful ought we all to be, then, that he had a chance to relieve his mind by examining a "tomocaris piercei!" And with what a feeling of gratitude ought we to consider the fact that if the "tomocaris piercei" had not told the truth all would have been over with the Professor! We are the better pleased with this discovery because we have believed for years that the phyllopods were really related to the isipods on either their father's or their mother's side, and had no knowledge of the tribolites, and now we see that we are wrong. Whether this fortunate discovery will have any influence upon the climatic peculiarities of the Gulf Stream, or upon the morals of Governor Geary, remains to be seen. Let us hope for the best.—*Sunday Dispatch.*

SMALL but active bootblack to a wearer of thirteens—"Say, boss, le'me black yer boots; do it for five cents an acre and warrant done before sundown."—*Qui Vive.*

Leaves from a Pocket Diary.

No. 23.

SAVED FROM THE FLOOD.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY CAPTAIN CARNES.

We promised, you recollect, to see Dolly Randall again after the ruthless attack of the ruffians upon the settlers.

Her brother Daniel married, and Dolly went with them to the new clearing, intending to tarry the year with them, for Daniel's wife was an eastern girl, and lacked the courage requisite for a life on the border. She had used every persuasion to induce young Randall to remain and commence business in the East, but he was pleasantly unpersuadable, and with unmitigated horror she commenced the bridal tour towards the distant frontier. Here she became so utterly homesick and dispirited, that only the cheerful presence of Dolly and of her husband made life endurable.

Late in the summer, James Burke, brother of Daniel's wife, came out to find a Government tract, and this was another morsel of comfort to the nervous young wife.

A most dispiriting spell of dull weather had finally broken up into gleams of sunshine.

"Now is the time," said Daniel to his brother-in-law, "for us to get up to F—— and send off for supplies; next week we shall want to begin our ploughing, and the fall is nigh upon us."

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed Ellen, "are you both going to leave Dolly and me alone while you are away?"

"Nonsense," laughed Daniel, "we shall be gone only two days if we have good luck."

"But if it rains—"

"Rain or shine, we shall be back on the afternoon of the third day, Ellen; and really what a baby you are. See Dolly now, she doesn't put in one protest, and I'll warrant her heart has plumped down like lead at the thought of getting along without Burke."

Dolly flamed up like a peony, and saucily boxed the offender's ears.

"Dear, well, Dolly is a frontier woman, and that makes so much difference."

"She is, eh? Why, she's been out here on the rim of the great globe just three years."

"I suppose, then, people are made of different material, one from another."

"There you have it, Ellen; and after we return—not before, mind—she will show you the trade-mark of the frontier upon her arm."

And amid a torrent of regrets from Ellen—Dolly keeping silent, the young men early in the morning started on their fifty miles' journey to F——. Owing to there being good navigation to that point, they could procure supplies much cheaper there than at any place below.

That night the clouds closed in low and heavy, and by midnight the rain ran out of the heavens in streams, roaring over the broad plains like a second deluge, and driving by the little house on the clearing in heavy, sweeping folds.

The horses were cared for early, and the women betook themselves to the fire upon the hearth with most lonely feelings.

Faster and heavier came the torrents, while the wind struck with a hollow roar against the buildings, sounding like the rumble of distant thunder. One good thing, however, came from the storm; they could not hear the howlings and yelps of the wild animals as on calmer nights.

The rain poured all the next day, so that Dolly, who carried the water to the horses and otherwise looked after their comfort, found streams, rivulets, and cataracts pouring from her shawl, her head, her face; and discovered her scope of vision narrowed down to an extremely small circle. And the torrents continued for the second night, in their noisy abundance becoming sociable, and the two girls found the time getting off much more rapidly than they had expected.

At noon of the third day the rain ceased falling, having, through the forenoon, been but little more than a drizzle. An hour before noon a settler, heading northward, returned, and Dolly inquired the state of the road.

"The greatest washout since I left the States. This end of the bridge across the river is see-sawing up and down, and will crack its fastenings before night. The river is swollen to a torrent; every brook roars with its burden of waters. We shall hear, Miss, of a proper sight of damage to the settlers round about—Daniel's not home yet?"

As it came towards night, the wind began to blow a gale, and yet a heavy, misty fog hugged the earth, shifting position, to be sure, but holding close down; and on every hand came the voice of many waters filling the vast space outside with noises and rushing echoes.

Hoping, hoping still—trusting every moment would bring the husband and brother, the wife and sister waited impatiently. Sunset and twilight came, with dusk hugging close upon their heels.

Suddenly Dolly sprang to her feet with an ejaculation of dismay.

"What is it?" questioned the frightened wife.

"What if, belated, they return, and unknowingly strike upon the bridge, which Mr. Rayley said was toppling at this end hours ago! They could discern nothing in the darkness, and might be precipitated to the rocks below, over which the water must now be rushing with irresistible force."

"Oh, mercy! they may already be fallen through and crushed to death, or swept into the deep flood below, and drowned. Why did you not think of it before? What can we do now?"

Dolly's face was nearly as white as that of Ellen, as she replied:

"I am sure I do not see why the matter did not present itself in this light the moment that Mr. Rayley spoke of the bridge. It is not likely that they would learn from the settlers on the other side anywhere, the condition of the bridge; neither is it likely that even with a knowledge of how greatly the water has swollen from the rain, that they would ride north four miles and cross at the ford."

"Mercy! mercy! what is to be done?" called out again the horrified wife.

One swift moment's thought showed Dolly the only chance for hope, if indeed it were not already too late.

"The only chance for help, or warning, is for me to take one of the horses and ride up by the ford and dash down the other side of the river, and meet them. Quick, Ellen, and get the lantern, while I get into Dan's overcoat."

"But those dreadful horses—you have never handled them—they are not used to a woman. Oh, Dolly! oh, Dolly!—"

Dolly knew all this, but she resolutely buttoned herself up in her brother's overcoat, wound a scarf about her head, and fairly dragged her brother's wife through the roaring wind towards the stable.

The heavy draft horses were pounding in their stalls, made restless by their long and unusual confinement.

"Hold the lantern, Ellen," said Dolly, advancing resolutely with a rope, and let me see if I can get into the stall by old roan's heels—whoa, sir!"

FOR BACHELORS THINKING OF MARRIAGE.

MRS. JONES—"Oh, Malcolm, look! That's the very Mrs. Brown we met at the Robinsons' last week! I should like to sink into the earth!!"
MR. JONES—"Why dearest? Why?"
MRS. JONES—"Oh, Malcolm, just think! I wore the same dress I've got on to-night!"

"You'll be killed—you'll be killed," gasped Ellen, as the treacherous beast made some bird's-eye dents in the partition with his sharp corks. No sooner did Dolly's hand again advance to push his flanks over than he struck out again in as determined a manner.

"Oh!" exclaimed the brave girl, with a little gasp, "I can't get in that way. Come around on to the floor. Don't shake so, Ellen, you will drop the lantern."

Dolly's advances toward the farther horse were met with so broad, so meaning a smile—the upper lip so soft and flexible curled back from the white gleaming, miniature tombstones set in the beast's strong jaws that the poor girl drew back aghast. She advanced again, but the vicious brute laying her ears flat back against her neck, advanced so much jaw to meet her, that she retreated in despair.

But the roan horse so fitful with his heels met her approach to the crib with a serious countenance, so that seizing the bridle that hung from a peg near at hand, she leaped upon a box, and without a moment's hesitation sprang over the crib into the stall. Old roan tried his little ugliness of jamming against the wall, but ere he was aware of it, the bit was in his mouth, and a resolute, if a slender hand, was backing him out. Three minutes later the saddle girths were buckled in spite of his little unpleasant way of waltzing around, and she was on his back clattering out over the plank floor.

"Oh, can't you hallos from this end of the bridge, Dolly?" called inexperienced Ellen, "I shall die of fear."

"The wind would carry my voice from them—go in, Ellen, and pray for us all;" was the brave reply, as Dolly, turning out from the shelter of the building was nearly unhorsed by a powerful flaw of wind that dashed against her. With a faint hope nearly dying in the grasp of a greater fear and a dreadful probability, she turned directly into the face of the roaring gale, and urged the sturdy, somewhat stubborn brute into a gallop. The way was fearfully rough for the speed which she knew to be necessary, added to the cloudiness of the night.

Holding up firmly at the roan's many stumbles, while jets of muddy water spurted up from unthought of places, she made all possible dispatch, until she came to the river, distinctly heard and dimly seen by breakings in the clouds, which occasionally allowed a star to glimmer a moment and then speedily eclipsed it, and here her breath failed her. The body of water in the direction of the ford had overflowed the low banks and poured a broad, foaming sheet three-quarters of a mile in width along the level bottom land on either side of the usually peaceable fork of the L. river.

By a resolute stroke of the heel and a word of command, the good roan was induced to step into the flood. Once in, and he paced the distance to the other shore with more vigor than he ever drew the plough, and leaped to the opposite bank with a snort of delight, taking to the firm land with a swinging gallop, undaunted by hollows, or swirling driftwood. His thick, grizzled mane rose and drifted along his neck like a blaze of dun-colored fire, which the winds swept after them with roars of delight.

Luckily, she was familiar with the route, otherwise the dense darkness might have led her astray. Panting and trembling alike, horse and rider reached the end of the rude covered bridge. Dolly reined directly on to it, so as in part to be protected from the gale, and also to be ready—if not too late even now—to bar the progress of the returning men.

What gloomy and fearful thoughts beset her. If they had arrived there ere this, they were swept away. She longed to dismount and creep forward to look down upon the flood so madly boiling and eddying about the stone abutments. But she dared not. They might dash upon her and toss her to destruction.

The horse, mindful of his dangerous position, cowered trembling close to the sheltered side of the bridge, that trembled in every joint as some huge snag, tossed upward by the torrent, struck underneath with all its force, rolled over and shot out on the other side. All this commotion was felt and heard but not seen.

A half hour of this terrible waiting uncertainty followed. Horrible thoughts were rioting in the heroine's brain; then, without an instant's warning, there came the crash of galloping horses, which with one thud struck upon the bridge together; but on the instant Dolly had reined her horse square across the plank structure, and cried out—

"Stop, for God's sake! Daniel; Daniel, rein back upon your haunches! the bridge is gone!"

There was a moment's entanglement that threatened the destruction of all three—but the startled animals in a moment were brought into subjection, backed and turned. Once off safely, and Daniel gave his rein to James, dismounted and went upon the bridge, ascertaining as he afterwards said, that the feat of checking their steeds and safely turning about upon the few planks still remaing fast, could not have been done by day-light when the nerves would be unstrung by the sight of danger.

With what speed they could make, they again faced the wind, gained the ford, and spouted, spattered, and floundered across—Dolly inciting their flagging pace with her generous fears concerning Ellen's sufferings there alone.

A little after midnight, chilled and dripping from their bath in the river, our three friends arrived home to find Ellen upon her knees weeping and praying for the safety of her loved ones. We need hardly say that she varied her occupation upon their appearance, with cries of joy, and hysterical laughter, kissing Daniel and her brother, and petting "dear brave Dolly—the best, the nicest girl—oh, James."

This strange rhapsody leads you to suspect something of a tender nature between young Burke and our heroine. You are right.

"There," said Daniel, jocularly, six months later, when quite a company of people were issuing from the small church in a town some ten miles from the homestead of Father Jason Randall, "that couple," pointing towards James Burke and his Dolly—now his wife—"Reminds me of a passage in dear old Dickens's David Copperfield."

"Why?" says Ellen, "what passage, pray?"

"They are going out with the TIED."

"Don't talk," answered Nelly, laughingly.

Answers to Correspondents.

A. T. P. (Littleton, N. C.) writes: "Allow me, through the channel of communication so conveniently open to friends of the Post, to renew the inquiry of S. B. L., Bartonsville, Vt., as, by supplying a few missing links in her memory's chain, I, perchance, may be instrumental in the republication of the charming romance to which she refers, The Persian Lover; or the Captive Conqueror, by Mrs. H. M. Rhodes, which appeared originally in the Saturday Courier, between the years 1842 and 1846. I regret my inability to furnish the precise date, but having read the novelette in early childhood, the above is the nearest approach I can now make to accuracy in this particular. And now, Mr. Editor, may I not hope that your best efforts will be called into requisition in order to oblige S. B. L. and present correspondent? And ultimately should success crown the same, I am well assured that in the delight of your numerous readers on beholding it for the first time, re-set in the pages of their favorite weekly, you will be amply compensated for the toil of research, or rather for having thus rescued from the threatened waves of oblivion this sparkling literary gem." We would be very happy to oblige our correspondent, but have not the files of the Saturday Courier at hand. Moreover we are inclined to think that she may be taking a rose-colored view of the story in question. Perhaps were she to again read what she has not read since early childhood, her opinion might be essentially changed. At least this is our experience; and what is apt to please children is very unapt to please grown persons. This, of course, does not apply to our former correspondent. The story may be suitable to our pages, and if we can obtain it, we will examine it for that purpose.

I. H. (Woodstock, O.) asks: "Will you please inform one of your subscribers how the plural number of Cannon is formed? It has been puzzling some of the wise heads in our neighborhood to determine whether the letter s is to be added to form the plural, or not. Please answer in the Post." Cannon may be classed as one of a small number of words which are written in the plural in both a singular and plural form. For instance, in speaking collectively, we may say, "The cannon thundered o'er the field." But if we individualize we would say, "There were six cannons in the battery." It will probably in the future come to be used only in the singular form, as that appears to be the tendency in the popular use of it.

J. R. W. (Louisville, Ga.) says: "Will you please answer the following questions: Can you tell me where I can get the old Webster spelling-book, which was very popular in use some thirty-five or forty years ago? Was Mr. Fillmore President four or eight years? Will you please procure the lines, and publish in the Post, the tune of 'When this cruel war is over?' I would so much like to see it." The book mentioned is probably long since out of print, buried under the flood of new school books since that time. You might possibly find a copy by writing to J. B. Lippincott & Co. Fillmore was President neither four nor eight years. His term began July 10th, 1850, after the death of President Taylor, and continued until March 4th, 1853. We have not the lines in question on hand.

W. H. G. (Sumter, S. C.) asks: "What is a 'Piece of Eight?' and what is it worth in this country in gold? I think it is the name of some Eastern currency. Please give me such information as you may have, as to where it is used, and what it represents in value in our currency at gold rates." A piece of eight is a piastre. The Italian piaster is worth about 90 cents. The Spanish is the same as the Spanish or Mexican silver dollar—from which comes the name "piece of eight," or piece worth eight silver levys. Levy being the popular name of the old silver piece worth eleven pence or twelve and a half cents.

MYRTLE (Hickory, N. C.,) writes: "Will you please inform me why the word Forte is applied to the Piano? Why is it called Piano Forte?" The name of the instrument in question is from the Italian, and refers to its variety of sounds, Piano meaning soft; Forte, strong. The name then simply means that the instrument is capable of yielding both soft and strong or loud sounds. It might as justly be called Forte as Piano—but the latter, being a pleasanter word to the ear, is rapidly becoming the sole name, and the "low" will eventually displace the "loud."

LEANDREA (Long Island, N. Y.,) writes: "I am glad and proud to be one of the great family who partake of the good things you spread before us every week: and I love to sit at your feet and learn wisdom, and wonder at the knowledge you have stored up, and marvel at the patience with which you draw it out to meet the questions of your troublesome children; and think how good you are to entertain and instruct us for such a small yearly tuition. But when you hear my questions I am afraid you will want to charge me extra. Would it not look as sensible for an old woman of sixty 'to fall in love' and marry a boy of sixteen, as for an old man of that age to play the beau and lover, and flatter and fawn over a young girl, and at last buy her with his money and call it marriage? Would the boy who succumbed to an old woman's wiles be any more worthy of ridicule and contempt, for being so unequally yoked, and unnaturally led? If men, as some affirm, are superior to women in wisdom, some few of them have a poor way of showing it at that age, and all along up the hill to eighty. Many people say it is only in rare cases that imbecile old age takes the matrimonial turn, and so rare that it causes newspaper comment. It is true, but does it make it look any the nearer right, or any the more sensible, even though angling parents who have marriageable daughters to dispose of, do use their best endeavors to decoy the old gold fish into the net, hoping they will soon drop off, and leave the gold for the 'darling child' who sacrificed herself to age and mammon? The story writers have a great fashion of making old men figure in the matrimonial market a little too much to be creditable to the old gentlemen as a class."—No doubt there are fools of eighty as well as fools of twenty, male fools as well as female fools. We are quite ready to agree with you on this point. And we are as ready to agree that it seems inappropriate, as a general thing, to find sixty mating with twenty. As for the story writers, they cannot harp forever on the string of equal ages marrying. They must be privileged to consider other cases occasionally. But we do not agree with you that marriage between an old woman and a boy is as natural and reasonable as marriage between an old man and a girl. We have not space to enter into all our reasons for this opinion; but, if you would reflect a moment, you would see that Nature herself sanctions the one class of marriages by generally blessing them with offspring, while she utterly denies her sanction in the other case.

I. H M. (Bareville, Pa.,) writes: "I must intrude upon your time and space by asking a few questions. 1st. What is the meaning of the expression 'Murdered in cold blood?' 2d. When and where does the day begin?" Murder in cold blood, refers to the case of premeditated murder, in which the crime has not the excuse of sudden passion, or hot blood arising from a quarrel. In reply to your second question we can only say that the day begins when the sun rises, an hour which changes every day. As to where it begins, we don't know that its beginning has any special locality, unless it may be said to begin in the East.

E. T. B. (Lindley, Mo.,) says "I have an old silver twenty-five cent piece, made, as near as I can make out, in 1795. Some say it is 1793. The figures are worn so that I cannot make out certain which it is. Where can I sell it, and what is it worth? Please answer through your correspondents' column." It is probably worth twenty-five cents only. There are some coins which, from their peculiar rarity, command a high price from collectors, but these, of modern date, are few in number, and the chances are against yours being one of them. Certainly with no better data than a guess at its date we could not fix its value. Show it to some collector.

W. M., (West Philadelphia,) writes: "For some days past we have been in doubt on what we consider an important point. Being in company with a number of persons who had just returned from the funeral of another of our best citizens, a respectable and wealthy man, one of the company said that the toll-keeper on Darby Turnpike would make a good thing of it, as there were one hundred and fifty carriages in the line to Mount Moriah Cemetery. Now I contended that the Darby Pike Company, or any other in this State, never did and does not now charge for any such cortiges, and if they did it was an outrage against an old custom, and, I believe, against common law, made by custom in this State for at least fifty years—forty I know. One of the gentlemen present said, be all that as it may, he paid an undertaker toll as part of the items of a bill rendered him for burying a child of his. Will you oblige by answering who is wrong? Toll-keeper and undertaker for putting up the bill with toll, or myself in contending that they had not, nor have not, any legal right to charge persons in carriages, wagons, or on horses going to any ground or cemetery to lay away the dead?" We think you are right. The law of Pennsylvania regarding tolls provides as follows: After exempting persons passing from one part of their farm to another from toll, it says: "All persons, with their vehicles and horses, going to and from funerals and places of public worship, or of military trainings or elections, shall be exempt from the payment of tolls when travelling on such turnpike roads." This is the general law, whether the charters of certain companies authorize them to collect tolls in such cases, we know not.

S. H. S. (Stow, Vt.,) asks: "What is the process of taking measurement of the air; that is, taking the velocity of the air? And why will fire burn better by night than by day?" There are many forms of instrument used in measuring the velocity of the winds. Most of them are based upon the compression of a spiral spring, or of a series of springs, by the force of the wind. Others employ a bag of air which is similarly compressed. Still others depend on the evaporation of water, which is more rapid the more speedy the winds. As for your second question we doubt that fire does burn better by night than by day, and therefore cannot attempt to explain an unproved assertion.

L. S. (Clarksville, Ga.,) writes: "I have been trying for some months to find out the size, shape and material of the chop sticks used by the Chinese in taking their meals, and how used by them. Can you enlighten me through your correspondents' column? If so you will much oblige." Chop sticks are small round sticks, of no prescribed shape or size, composed of a variety of materials, as wood, ivory, porcupine quills, &c. They are a very imperfect instrument for table use, but the Chinese, by dint of practice, are very skillful in their employment. They will lean over the plate until their lips are near the food, and shovel the rice (of which their meals principally consist) rapidly into their mouths, by a quick and incessant motion of these sticks.

C. L. D. D., (Dukedom, Tennessee,) asks: "Being a constant reader of your columns I thought I would ask you a few questions, which I hope you will be kind enough to answer. How many United States soldiers were killed in battle during the late war in America? Also, how many died from diseases, and how many in Confederate prisons? How many Confederate soldiers were killed in war, died from diseases, and died in prison, during the war?" About 56,000 United States soldiers died on the field, 35,000 in hospital of wounds, and 184,000 of disease. It is said that 126,940 were taken prisoners, of whom 22,576 died in prison. These numbers are said by others to be much too low, the number of prisoners being about 200,000, and of deaths, 40,000. The Confederate loss is unknown. There were in all about 220,000 prisoners taken from the Confederate armies, of whom 26,436 died in prison.

MRS. KATE S., (Fairbery,) writes: "Please set me right about the Bulwers. Is Lord Lytton Bulwer the father of Robert Bulwer Lytton, (Owen Meredith,) and Sir H. L. Bulwer? And will you please to tell me if there is a collection of poems by Owen Meredith? I never saw any but Lucile, but I know there are more poems, and would like to know where to get them all in one volume." Robert Bulwer is the son, and Sir H. L. Bulwer the brother of Lord Lytton. There are several volumes of poems by Owen Meredith in print, besides Lucile. They can easily be obtained through any bookseller.

[Several letters are held over to be answered in our next.]

A FREAK OF INSANITY.

Litigation is productive of vast evils. Not the least of them is the wear and tear of mind to those intimately concerned, which not unfrequently results in absolute insanity. Not long ago a woman called at the White House to see the President on business, as she said, of the utmost importance. She was very neatly dressed, and appeared to be about fifty years of age. She seemed to be a lady of unusual intelligence, and said that she had come all the way from Maine to obtain an interview with the President, and must see him in regard to her business. She finally consented to enlighten General Dent as to her errand, and informed him in the most serious manner possible that she owned the United States; that the possession of so much real estate had become burdensome to her; and that she had a deed prepared, giving it to the President of the United States for and in consideration of a certain sum to be paid her annually during the term of her natural life. She explained minutely how the whole country came into her possession, and produced the deed of gift—a formidable looking document, evidently drawn up by some waggish lawyer to gratify the old lady. An interview with the President was courteously denied; but on her repeatedly demanding it, the deed was taken to the President, who returned it with the message that he respectfully declined it with thanks. The eyes of the indignant woman flashed with rage as she withdrew, saying, "Tell the President, sir, that since he refuses the deed, I shall advertise and sell the United States at public auction. Such treatment is infamous, and I shall resent it." This unfortunate woman became insane in consequence of litigation in regard to some property in Maine.

RIDDLER.

Charades, Riddles, Problems, etc., must always be accompanied by their answers, or they will not be published.

All who take an interest in this column are respectfully invited to contribute.

BURIED ISLANDS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

1. The spring time spangles earth's lap with flowers.
2. I forgot my task yesterday.
3. The fiery French and icy Prussian met.
4. Many Indians converse in the Mexican dialect.
5. "The gentle sounds in minor cadence fall upon the ear."
6. The Major called loudly for his horse.
7. The Scotchman calls it kail.
8. Saul required music, or fury took possession of his soul.
9. Greenland is covered with snow nearly all the year round.
10. "The sun at length appeared, and rose in majesty."
11. Burton gave early signs of genius.
12. We expect to meet Bertha in an hour or two.
13. "The daughters of Salem no sooner heard, then loud their songs arose."
14. The hollow eye, the wasted limbs and the shrunken glands, mark approaching death.
15. "Men and brethren what must we do?"
16. Some birds appear late in the season.

W. H. MORROW,

Manor Station, Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 14 letters.
My 1, 6, 5, 3, signifies sorrow.
My 2, 7, 9, 13, 11, 6, 4, means unjust, wicked and dishonest.
My 3, 10, 6, 9, is a kind of earth.
My 4, 10, 13, 7, means an indistinct appearance.
My 6, 12, 11, 13, 1, is a missile weapon.
My 7, 6, 11, 9, 10, 12, 6, is a sea in Europe.
My 8, 10, 4, 3, 13, 14, signifies a cavity.

My whole is the name of an old contributor, whom we are glad to welcome back to the riddler. ELLA.

WORD SQUARE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A town in Siberia.
A Hebrew month.
A Syriac month, a term of contempt.
Found in Arabia.

LITTLE CHARLEY.

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

In a certain factory are employed a number of men, women and boys; the boys receive 3 cents an hour, the women 4, and the men 6; the boys work 8 hours a day, the women 9, and the men 12; the boys receive $5 as often as the women $10, and for every $10 paid the women, $24 are paid to the men; how many men, women and boys are there, the whole number being 59?

W. H. MORROW,

Manor Station, Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

CONUNDRUMS.

Why is a crusty old maid of fifty like a most beautiful, most accomplished, most elegant, and most admired young lady? Because she's matchless.

What is the difference between a popular spring dish and a man with the ague? One is baked shad, and the other shaked bad.

What Scripture character would you mention in ordering away an untruthful person? *Goliah (Go liar.)*

What is that which flies high, flies low, has no feet, and yet wears shoes? Dust.

ANSWERS TO LAST.

DOUBLE REBUS.—Darwin-monkey.
SOLUTIONS.—1. Dru M. 2. Amo O. 3. Robin. 4. Wick. 5. Ice. 6. Ney.

BURIED PLACES.

1. Maine.
2. Brownsburg.
3. Po.
4. New Haven.
5. Bergen.
6. Man, (Isle of Man.)
7. Lyons.
8. Elbe.
9. Waterford.
10. Salem.
11. Dover.

METAGRAM.—Bent, cent, dent, lent, pent, rent, tent, vent.

RECEIPTS.

TO FRY TROUT.—Dry them thoroughly, and fry in hot oiled butter without scorching, or in pork fat; if the latter, rub salt on the fish. Lay on the fish, before serving, lumps of sweet butter.

TO FRY EELS.—The sensation of eels can be destroyed by giving them a knock on the head. After they are cleaned and skinned, roll them in yolk of egg and thin rolled crackers bread crumbs, meal or flour, and fry in pork fat or oiled butter slowly until a pale brown.

TO FRY ROCK, BASS OR ANY SMALL FISH.—Clean them; rub the fish with salt, and let them lie an hour; have a sufficient quantity of hot fat to cover the fish, and fry slowly until the fish is crisped entirely. Some very small fishes may be crisped, so that the bones can be eaten without inconvenience.

STEWED POTATOES FOR BREAKFAST.—Pare, quarter, and soak in cold water half an hour. Stew in enough cold salted water to cover them. Before taking up, and when they are breaking to pieces drain off half the water, and pour in a cupful of milk. Boil three minutes, stirring well; put in a lump of butter the size of an egg, a little salt and a pinch of pepper; thicken slightly with flour, boil up well and turn in a covered dish. This is an excellent family dish. Children are usually fond of it, and it is very wholesome.

THE COST OF BONES AND OF COOKING.—Somebody in England has been making a calculation of the wastes of meat as we usually buy it and cook it. He weighed a leg of mutton before cooking, 9 lbs. 10 oz. Then he roasted it and weighed it again, 6 lbs. 12 oz. Then he took out the bone and weighed it again, 4 lbs. 13 oz. This was the net result—exactly one half waste. The Warren Cooker would have saved much of the loss shown at the first weighing, but the bone is "a hard nut to crack," and makes the cost of a meat diet more than we at first suppose. By the above showing, a leg of mutton, at 25 cents per lb., gives us clear meat (including fat) at a cost of 50 cents per lb. This, when a pound of wheat flour, containing more nutriment, costs less than 4 cents.

BEE-HIVE SAUCE.—Mix a hard sauce, and when light set aside three or four tablespoonsful in a plate. To the larger quantity left add gradually cherry, currant, or cranberry juice enough to color it a good pink. Red jelly will do if berries are not in season. Beat the coloring matter in thoroughly, and shape into a conical mould. Roll half a sheet of note paper into a long narrow funnel, tie a string about it to keep it in shape, and fill with the uncolored sauce. Squeeze it out gently through the small end in a ridge, beginning at the base of the cone and winding about it to the top, filling your funnel as it is emptied, and guiding it carefully. The effect of alternate white and pink lines is very pretty. If the pudding is one to which chocolate would be a pleasant addition, color with grated chocolate, rubbed smooth in a little of the wine, and ridge with white. Set upon the ice or upon the cellar floor until firm. Stick a colored almond or other ornamental candy upon the top. This bee-hive is easily made and will set off even a plain pudding handsomely.